THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

ALL WINNERS

WINTER ISSUE No. 7

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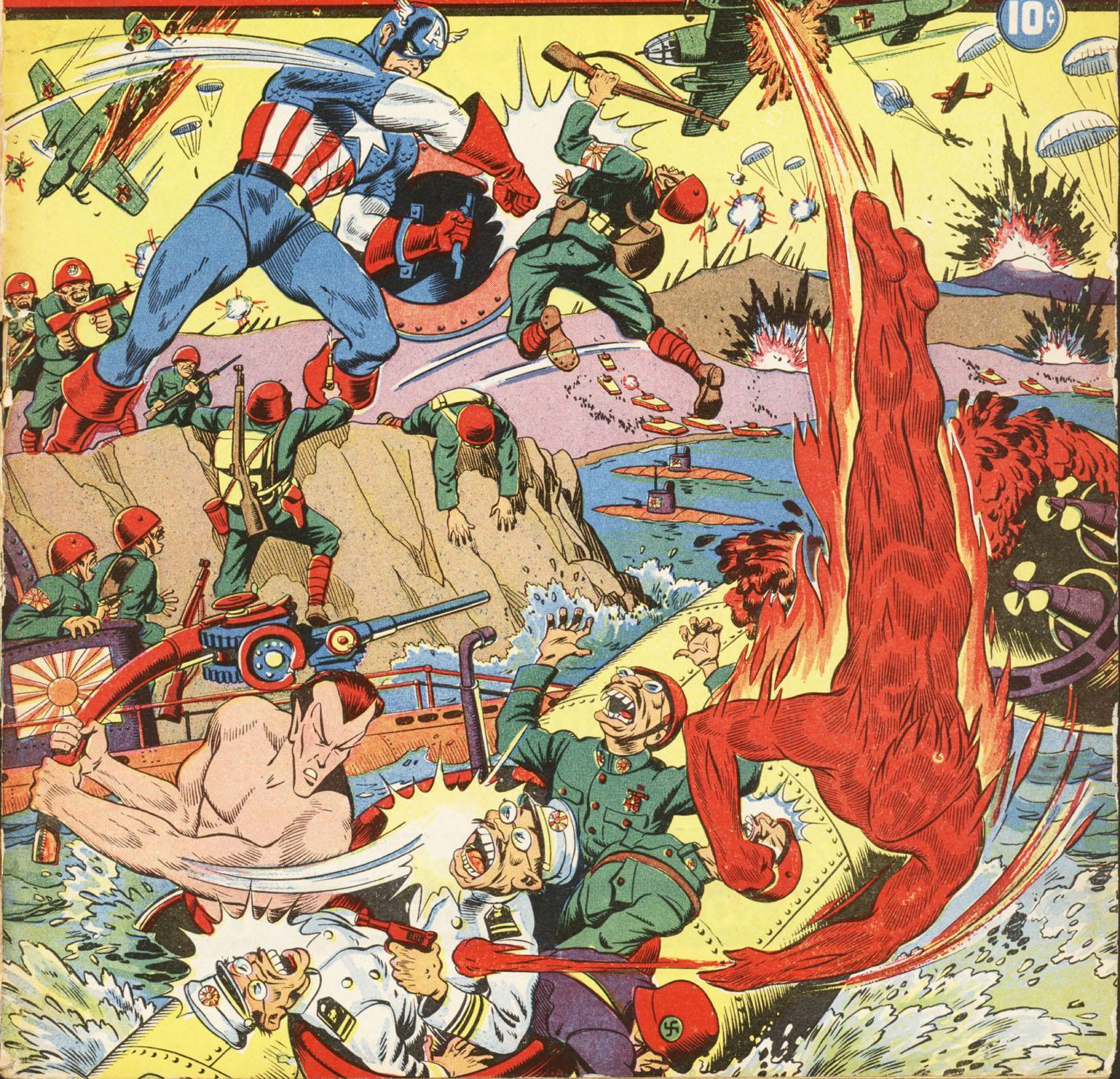

ALL WINNERS

Number
7

TIMELY
COMICS

Stan Lee,
Editor

THE HUMAN TORCH

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SUBMARINER

THE DESTROYER

THE WHIZZER

AMERICA'S SMASH SUCCESSES!
First **KRAZY KOMICS** — *Now* **TERRYTOONS**

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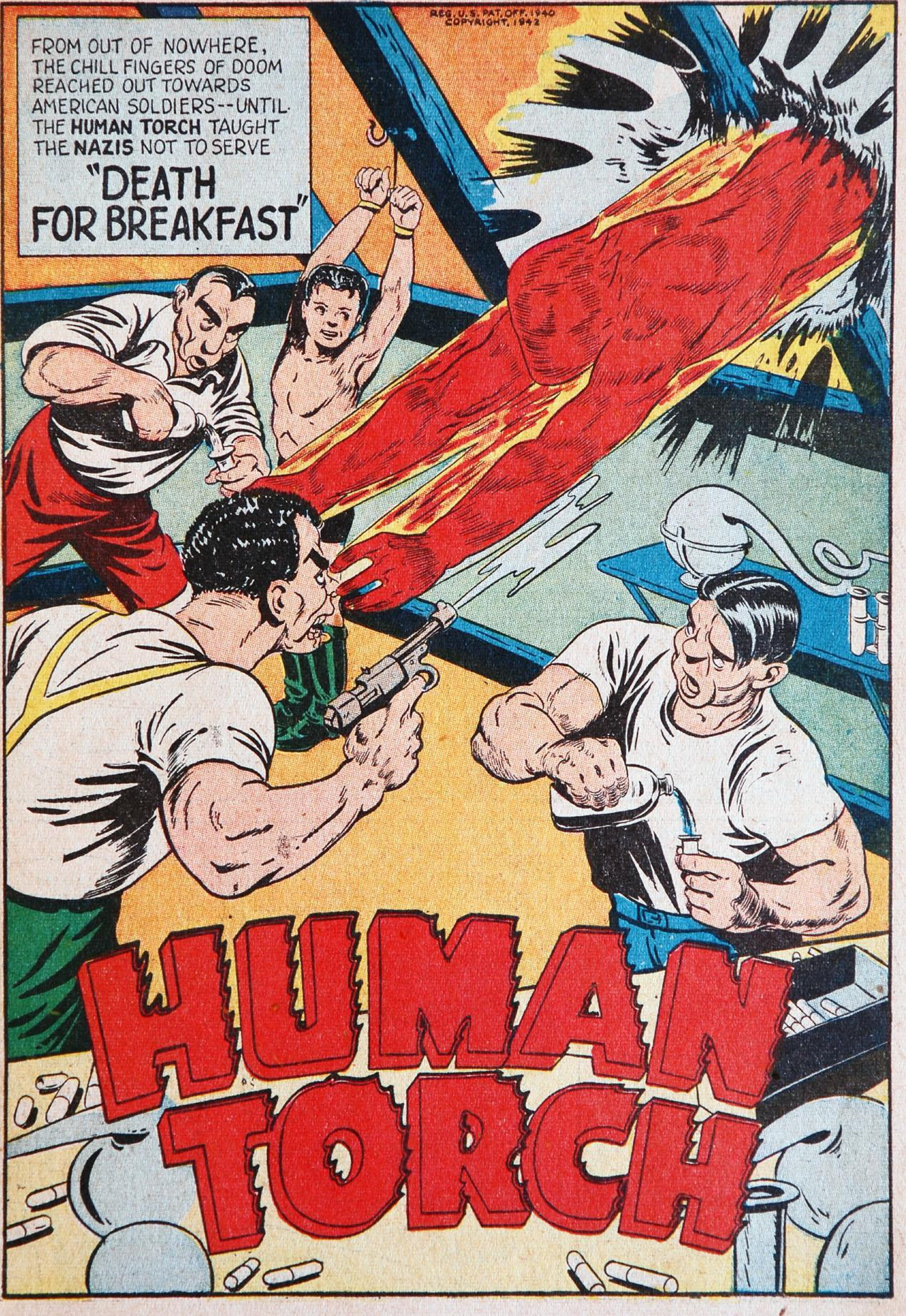
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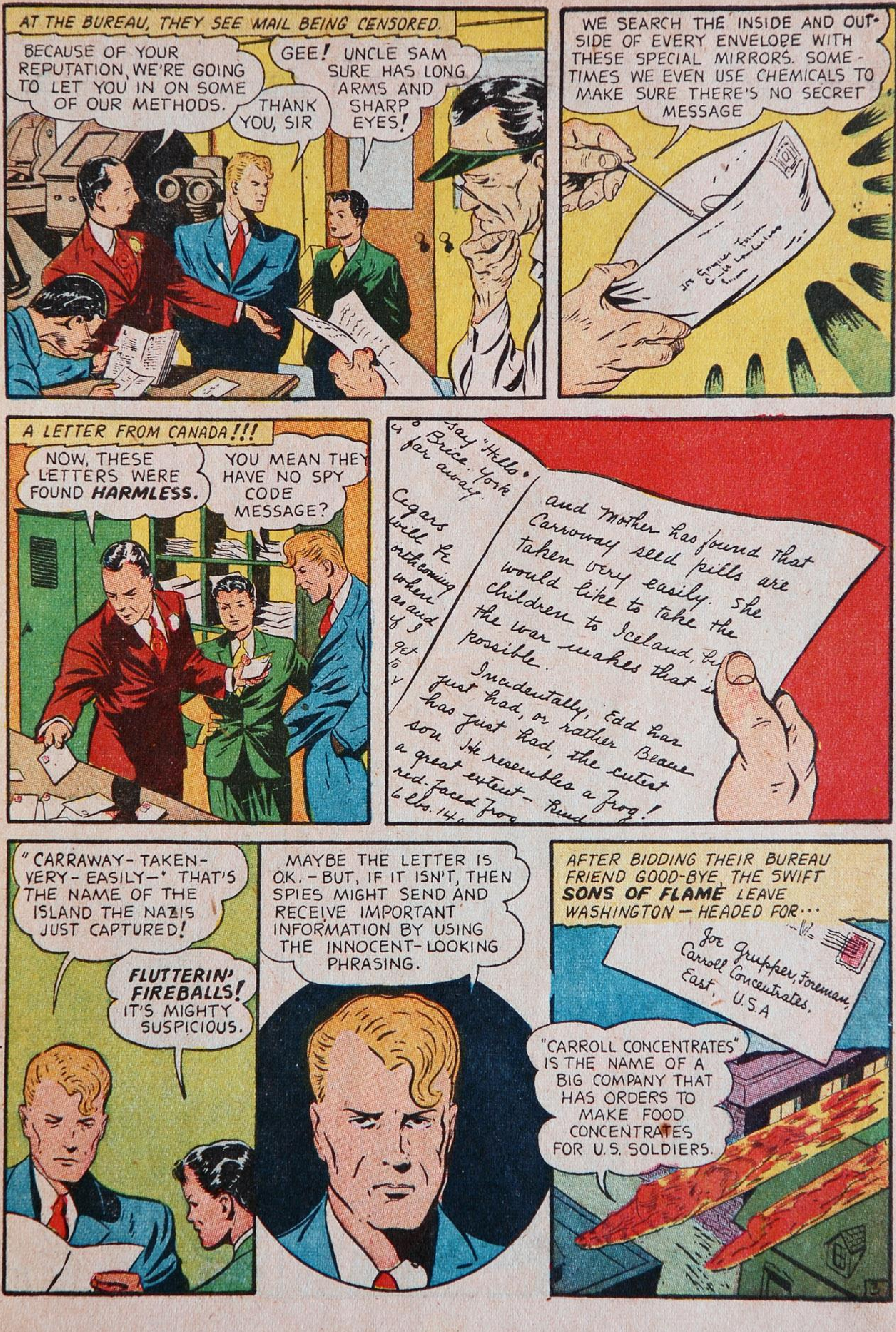
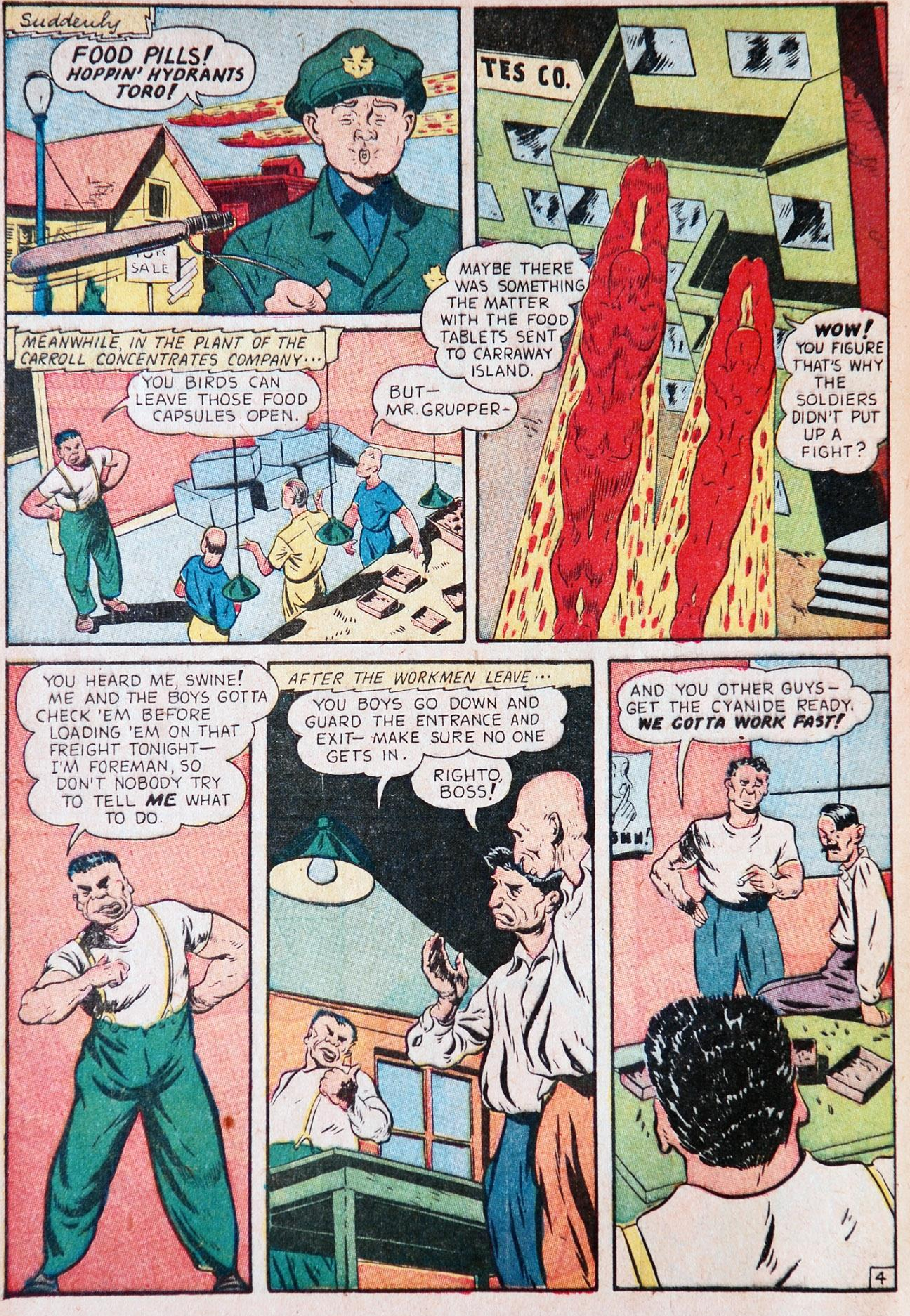
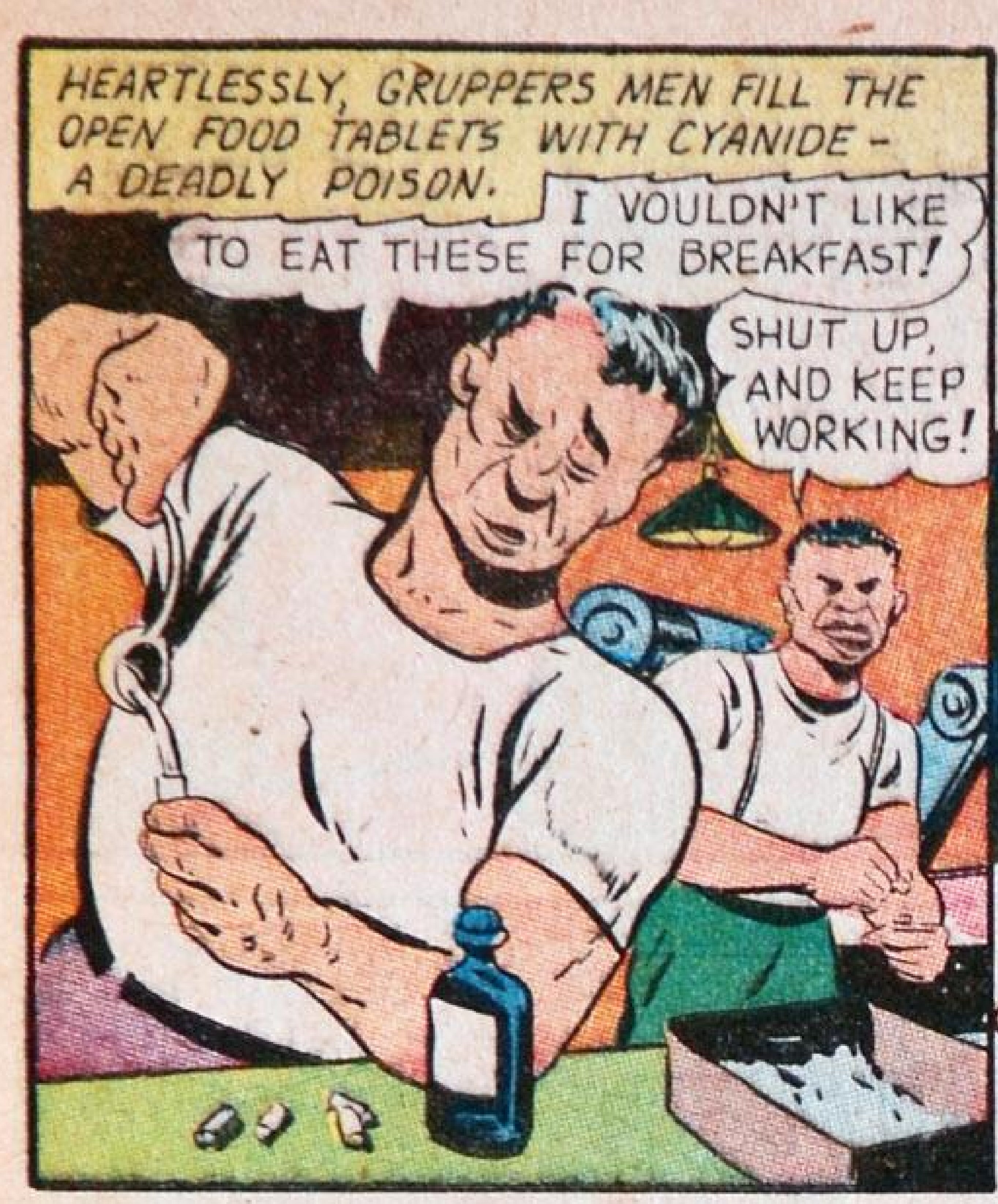
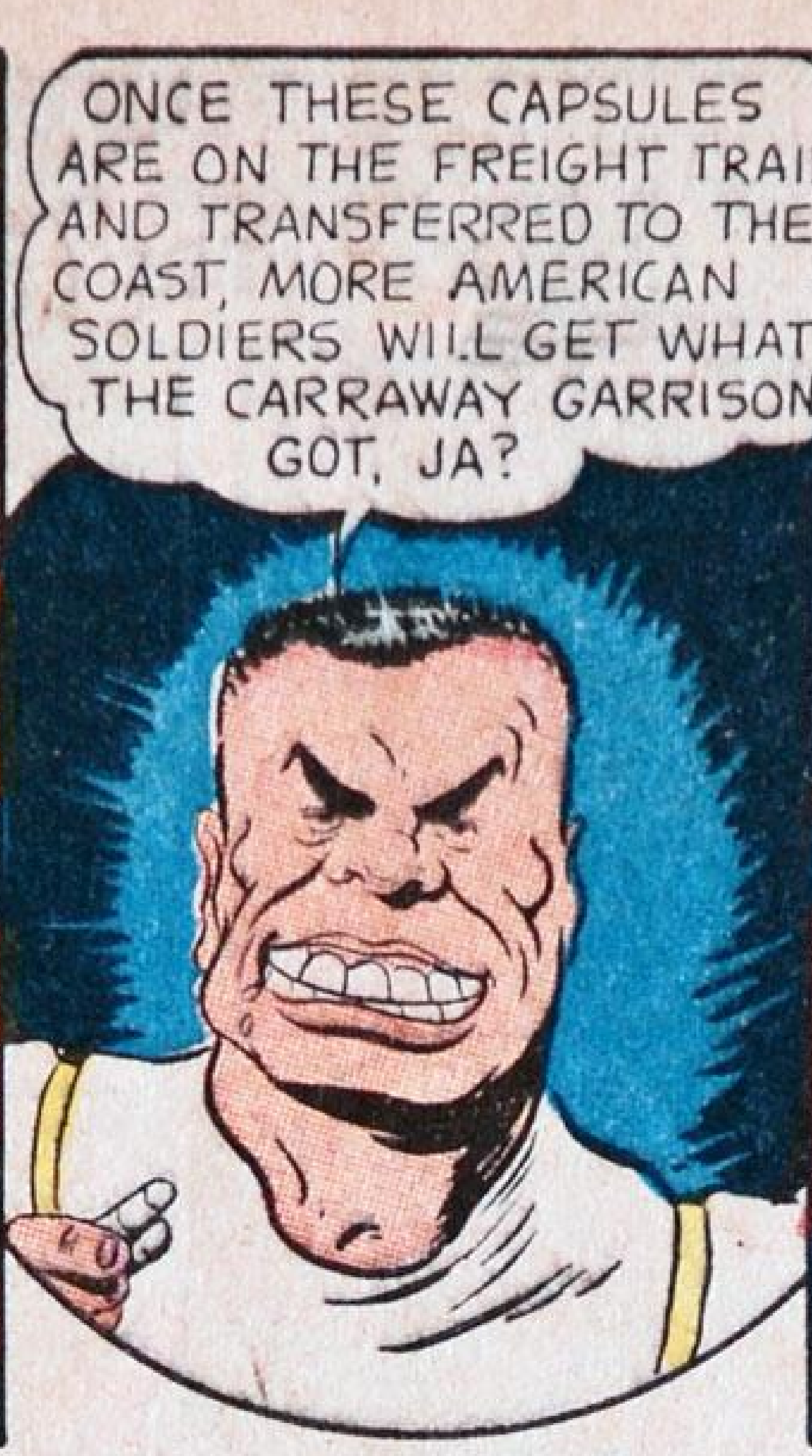
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, THE CHILL FINGERS OF DOOM REACHED OUT TOWARDS AMERICAN SOLDIERS--UNTIL THE **HUMAN TORCH** TAUGHT THE **NAZIS** NOT TO SERVE
"DEATH FOR BREAKFAST"
HUMAN TORCH

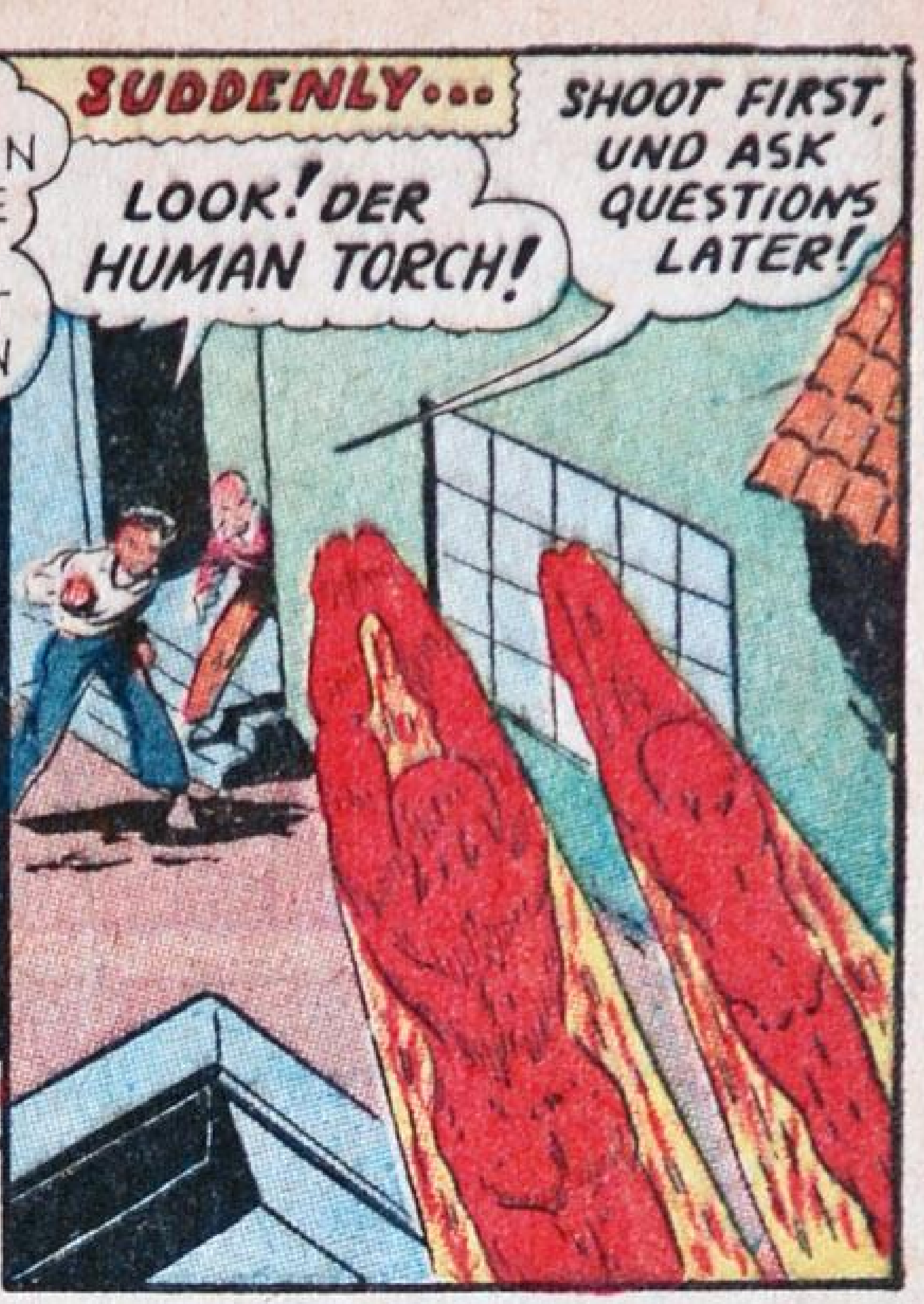
ON CARRAWAY ISLAND, ONE OF THE REMOTE OUTPOSTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY...
FORWARD! IN DER NAME OF DER FEUHRER!
DER GESTAPO SAYS VE VILL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN TAKING DER ISLAND.
DER GESTAPO WASS RIGHT
JA- ALL DER AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE DEAD.
SUCH AN EASY BATTLE- HA-HA!
IMMEDIATELY SEIZING UPON THE PROPOGANDA POSSIBILITIES, THE NAZI RADIO FLASHES THE NEWS-
THE GERMAN ARMY TOOK CARRAWAY ISLAND FROM THE AMERICANS IN A TWO-HOUR BATTLE. THE AMERICAN GARRISON WAS COMPLETELY WIPED OUT!
- AND TORCH AND TORO SOON HEAR ABOUT IT.
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE TROOPS - COULD THEY HAVE BEEN SICK? AMERICAN TROOPS WOULD HAVE PUT UP A BETTER FIGHT THAN THAT! WE'RE GOING TO WASHINGTON NOW!
HERALD
NAZIS CAPTURE CARRAWAY
AMERICAN TROOPS GIVE NO RESISTANCE
USING THE FASTEST MEANS AT THEIR DISPOSAL, TORCH AND TORO FLAME TOWARD WASHINGTON
MIGHTY NICE OF COLONEL JACQUET TO LET US VISIT THE CENSORSHIP BUREAU, EH, TORO?
YOU BET! MAYBE I'LL LEARN SOME NEW ANGLES ON WRITING LOVE LETTERS!
WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE
PHILADELPHIA
TRENTON
NORWALK HOSPITAL
QUIET

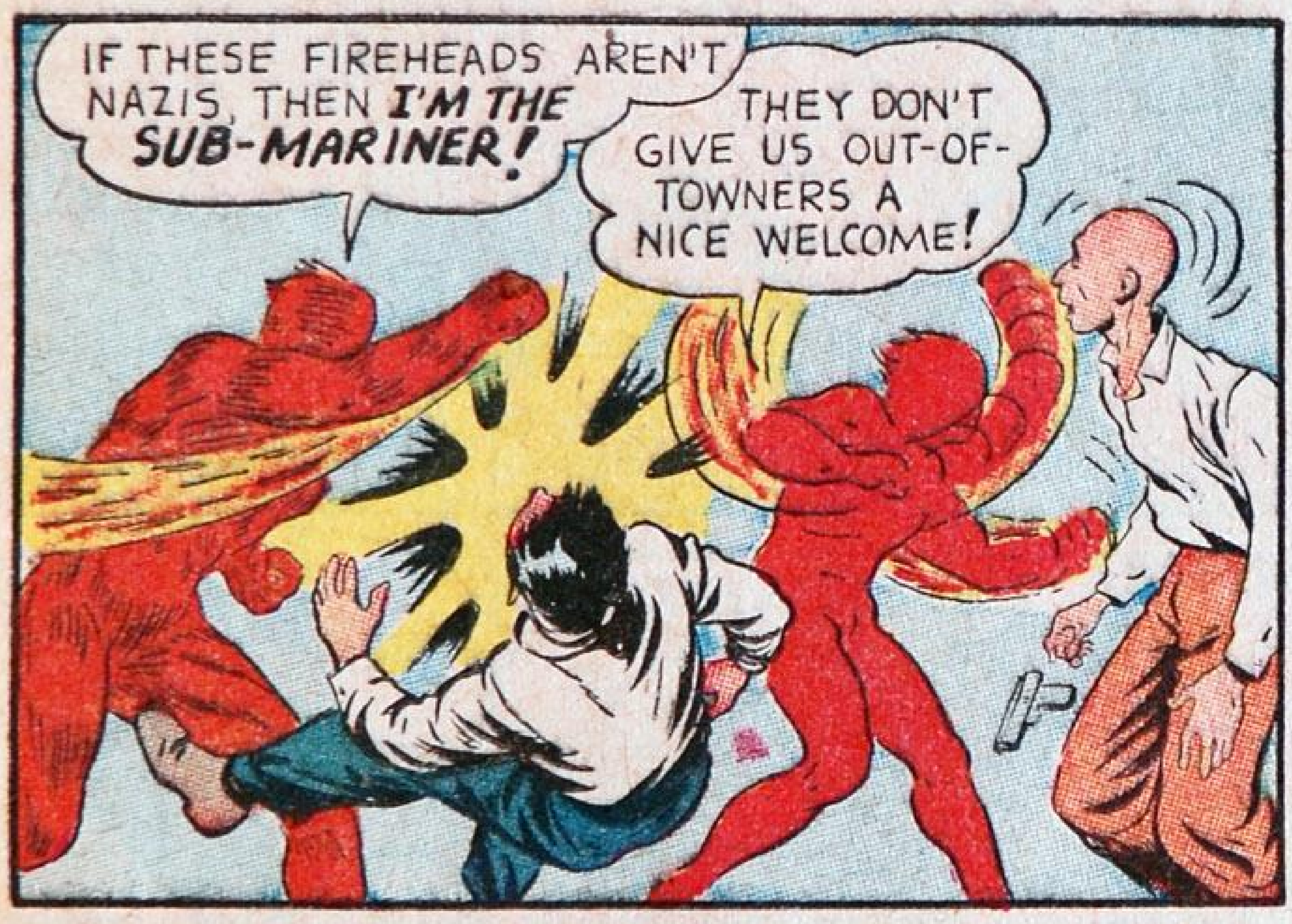

AT THE BUREAU, THEY SEE MAIL BEING CENSORED.
BECAUSE OF YOUR REPUTATION, WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU IN ON SOME OF OUR METHODS.
THANK YOU, SIR
GEE! UNCLE SAM SURE HAS LONG ARMS AND SHARP EYES!
WE SEARCH THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF EVERY ENVELOPE WITH THESE SPECIAL MIRRORS. SOMETIMES WE EVEN USE CHEMICALS TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO SECRET MESSAGE
A LETTER FROM CANADA!!!
NOW, THESE LETTERS WERE FOUND **HARMLESS.**
YOU MEAN THEY HAVE NO SPY CODE MESSAGE?
say "Hello" Brice. York is far away.
Cigars will be orthcoming when as and if I get to y
and Mother has found that Carroway seed pills are taken very easily. She would like to take the children to Iceland, b the war makes that i possible.
Incidentally, Edd has just had, or rather Beane has just had, the cutest son. He resembles a frog! a great extent – Kind red-faced frog 6 lbs. 14 o
"CARRAWAY – TAKEN – VERY – EASILY –" THAT'S THE NAME OF THE ISLAND THE NAZIS JUST CAPTURED!
FLUTTERIN' FIREBALLS! IT'S MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS.
MAYBE THE LETTER IS O.K. – BUT, IF IT ISN'T, THEN SPIES MIGHT SEND AND RECEIVE IMPORTANT INFORMATION BY USING THE INNOCENT-LOOKING PHRASING.
AFTER BIDDING THEIR BUREAU FRIEND GOOD-BYE, THE SWIFT **SONS OF FLAME** LEAVE WASHINGTON – HEADED FOR...
Joe Grupper, Foreman, Carroll Concentrates, East, U.S.A
"CARROLL CONCENTRATES" IS THE NAME OF A BIG COMPANY THAT HAS ORDERS TO MAKE FOOD CONCENTRATES FOR U.S. SOLDIERS.

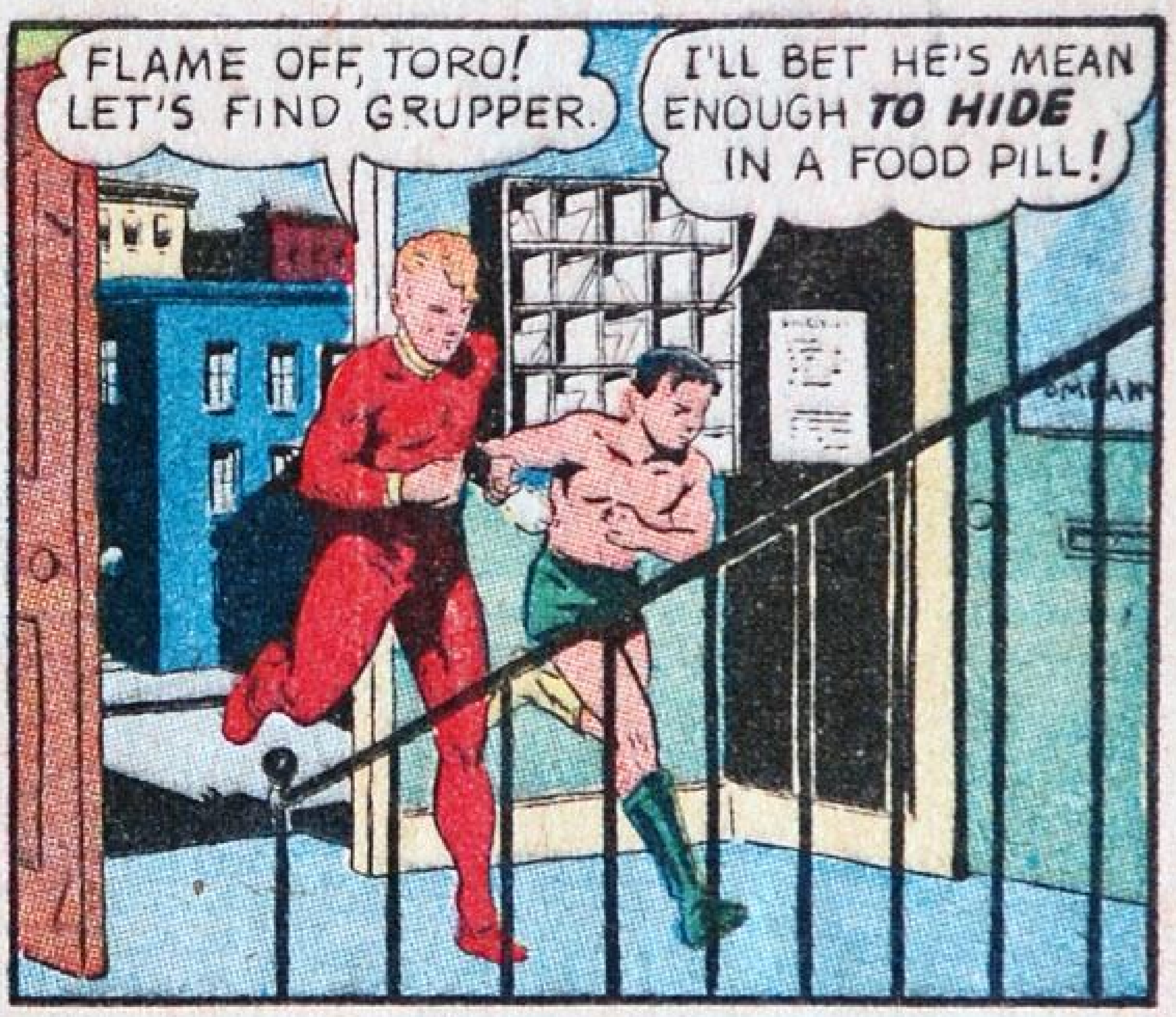

Suddenly
FOOD PILLS! HOPPIN' HYDRANTS TORO!
SALE
TES CO.
MAYBE THERE WAS SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE FOOD TABLETS SENT TO CARRAWAY ISLAND.
WOW! YOU FIGURE THAT'S WHY THE SOLDIERS DIDN'T PUT UP A FIGHT?
MEANWHILE, IN THE PLANT OF THE CARROLL CONCENTRATES COMPANY...
YOU BIRDS CAN LEAVE THOSE FOOD CAPSULES OPEN.
BUT— MR. GRUPPER—
YOU HEARD ME, SWINE! ME AND THE BOYS GOTTA CHECK 'EM BEFORE LOADING 'EM ON THAT FREIGHT TONIGHT— I'M FOREMAN, SO DON'T NOBODY TRY TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO.
AFTER THE WORKMEN LEAVE...
YOU BOYS GO DOWN AND GUARD THE ENTRANCE AND EXIT— MAKE SURE NO ONE GETS IN.
RIGHTO, BOSS!
AND YOU OTHER GUYS— GET THE CYANIDE READY. WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

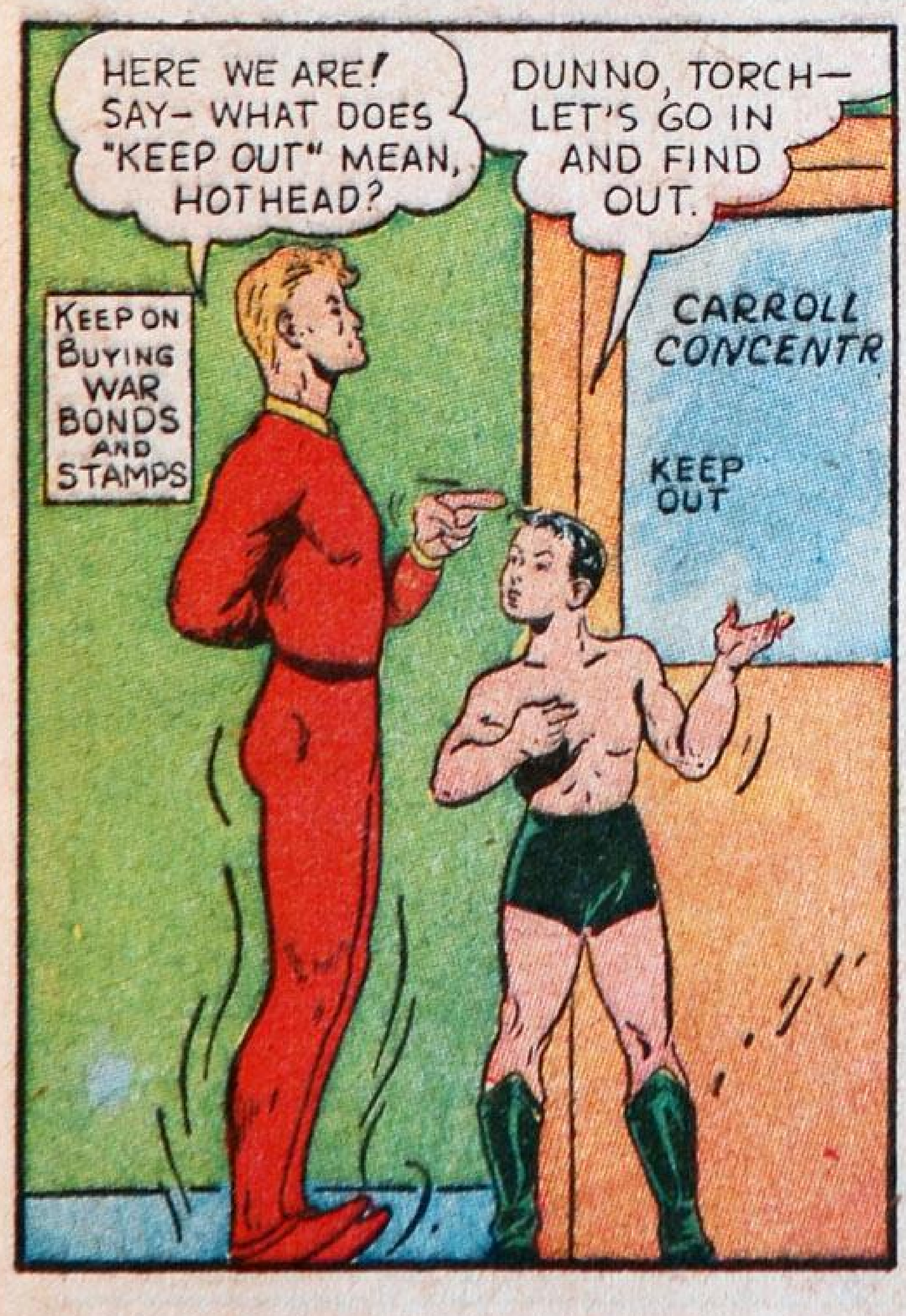

HEARTLESSLY, GRUPPERS MEN FILL THE OPEN FOOD TABLETS WITH CYANIDE - A DEADLY POISON.
I VOULDN'T LIKE TO EAT THESE FOR BREAKFAST!
SHUT UP, AND KEEP WORKING!

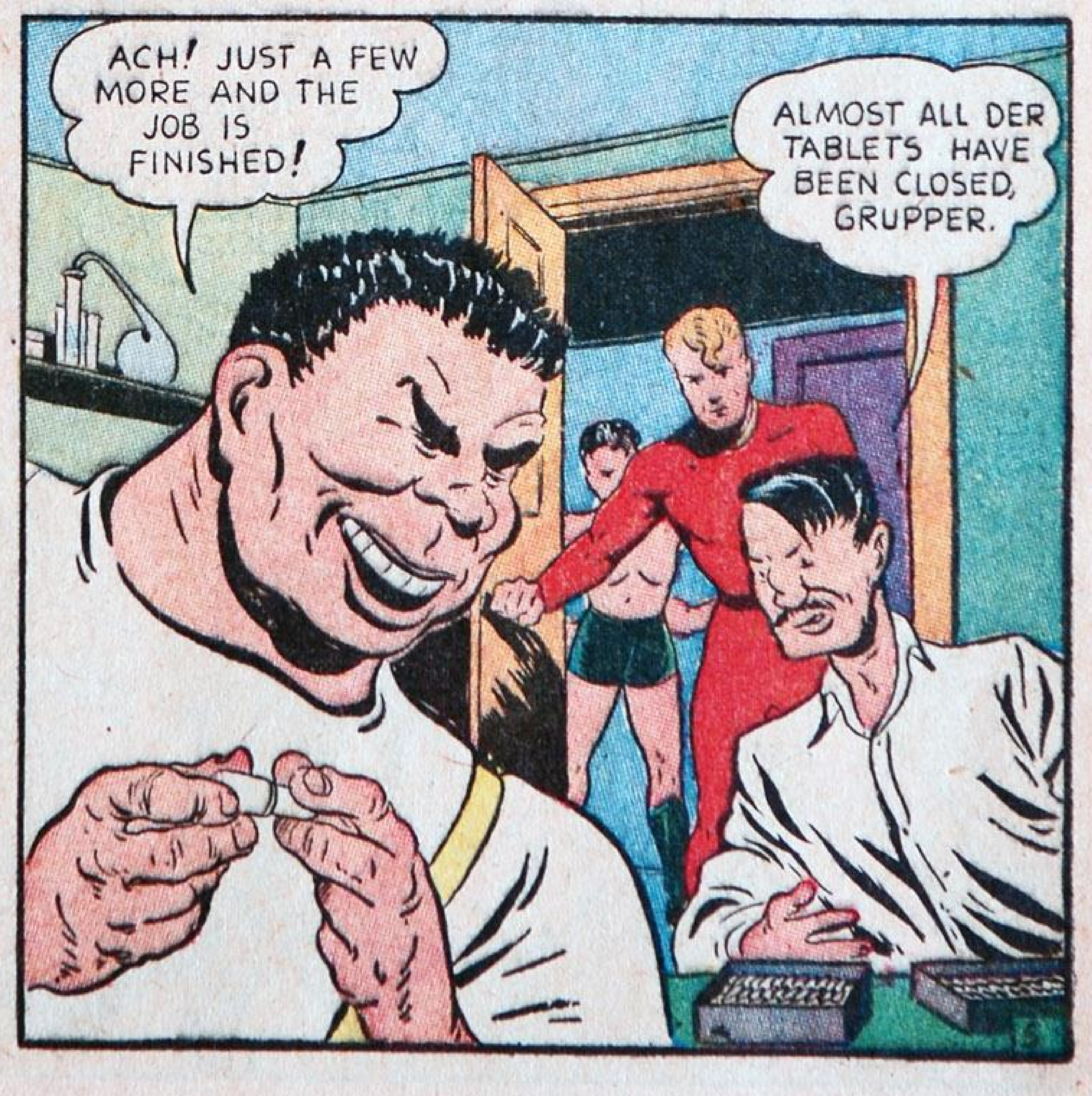

ONCE THESE CAPSULES ARE ON THE FREIGHT TRAIN AND TRANSFERRED TO THE COAST, MORE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WILL GET WHAT THE CARRAWAY GARRISON GOT, JA?

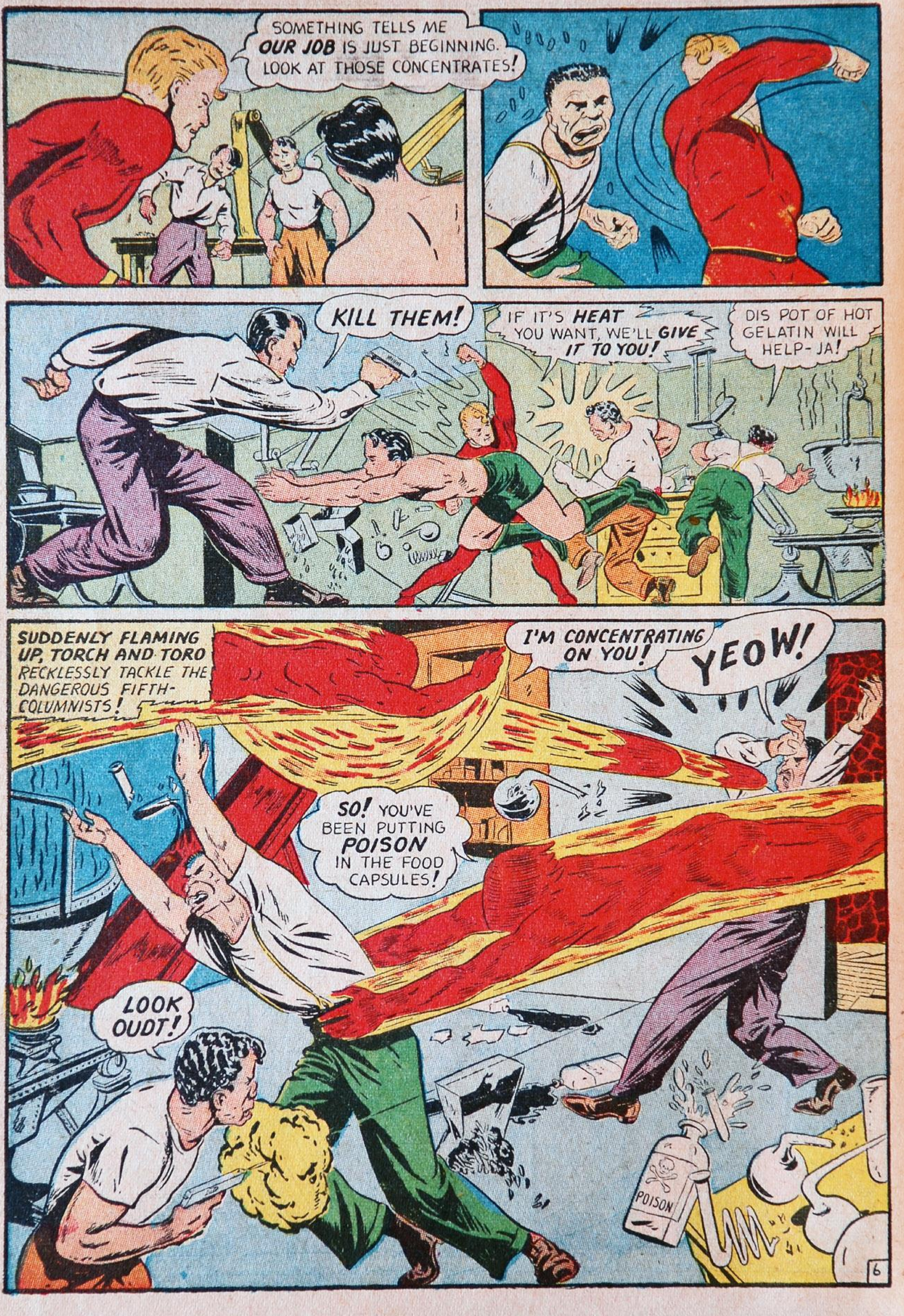

SUDDENLY...
LOOK! DER HUMAN TORCH!
SHOOT FIRST, UND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

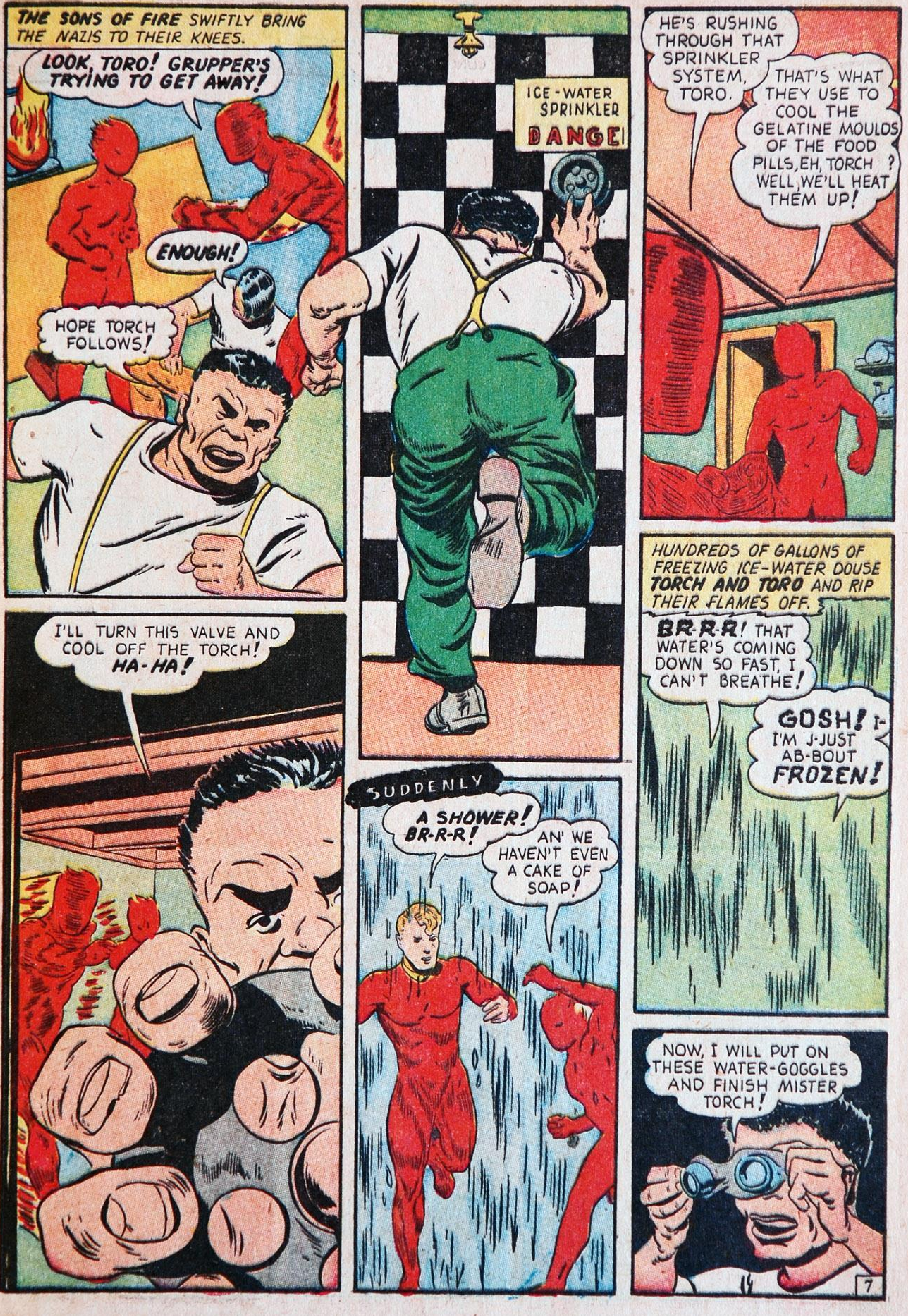

IF THESE FIREHEADS AREN'T NAZIS, THEN I'M THE SUB-MARINER!
THEY DON'T GIVE US OUT-OF-TOWNERS A NICE WELCOME!

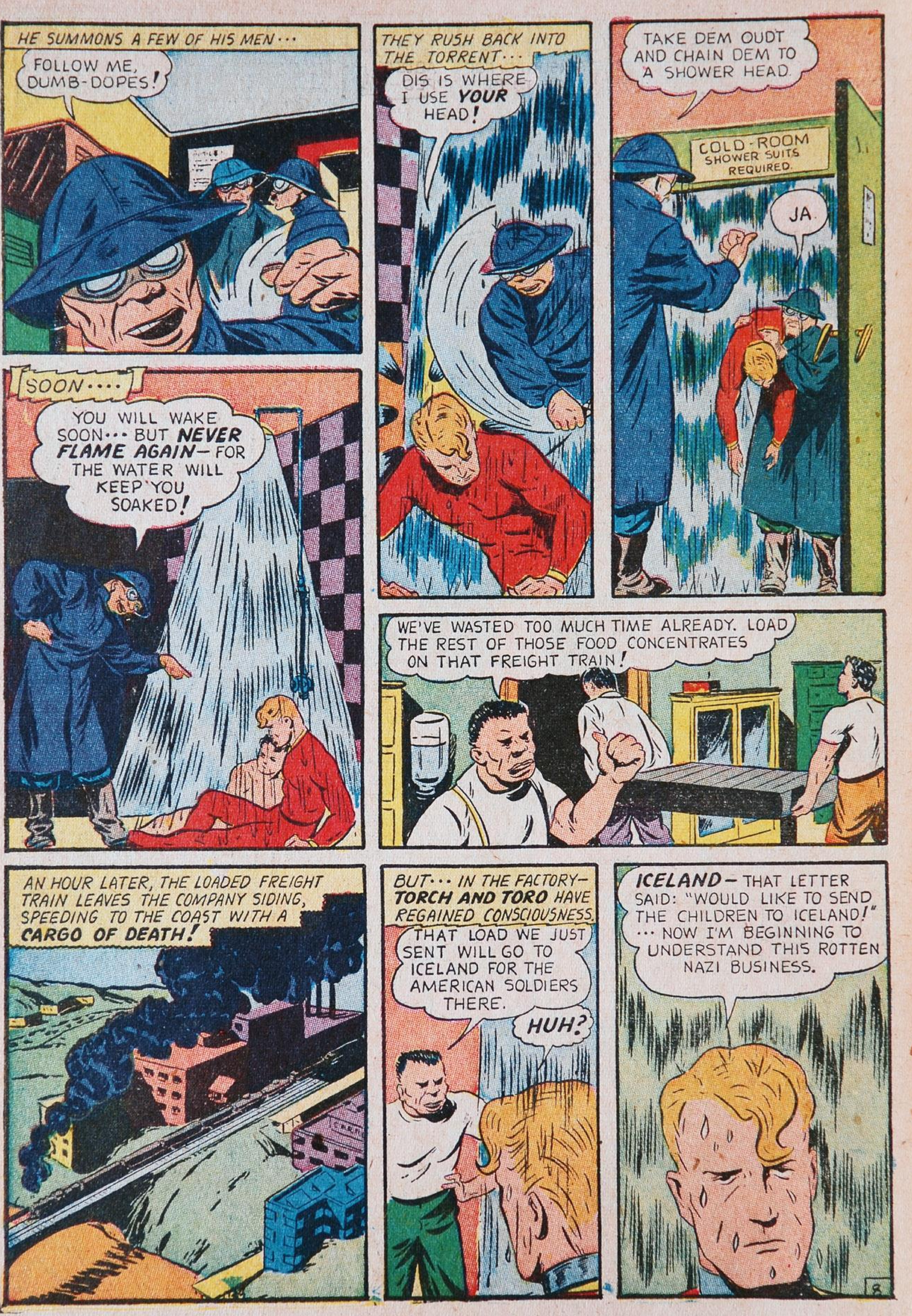

FLAME OFF, TORO! LET'S FIND GRUPPER.
I'LL BET HE'S MEAN ENOUGH TO HIDE IN A FOOD PILL!

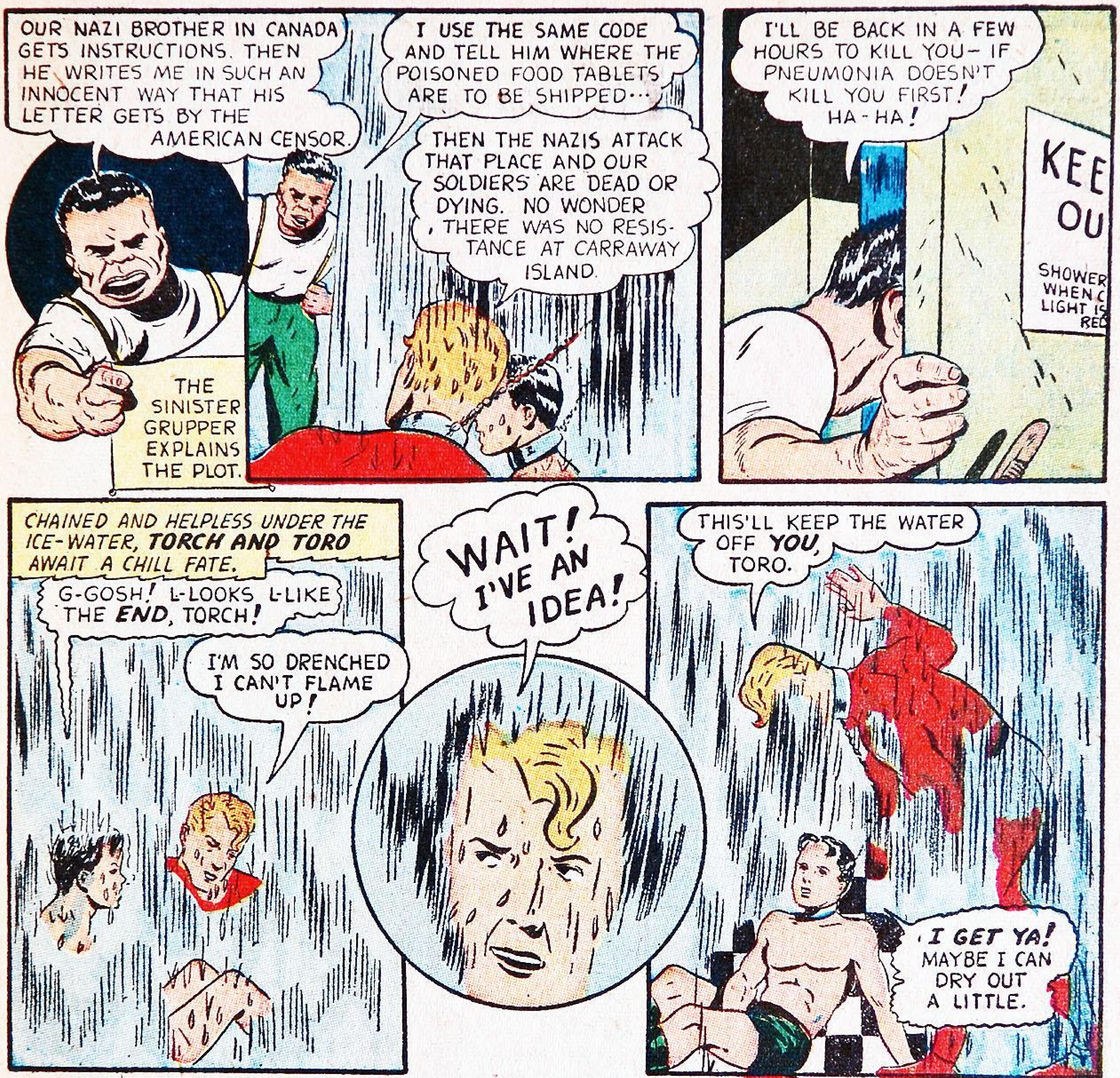

HERE WE ARE! SAY- WHAT DOES "KEEP OUT" MEAN, HOTHEAD?
DUNNO, TORCH- LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT.
KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
CARROLL CONCENTR
KEEP OUT

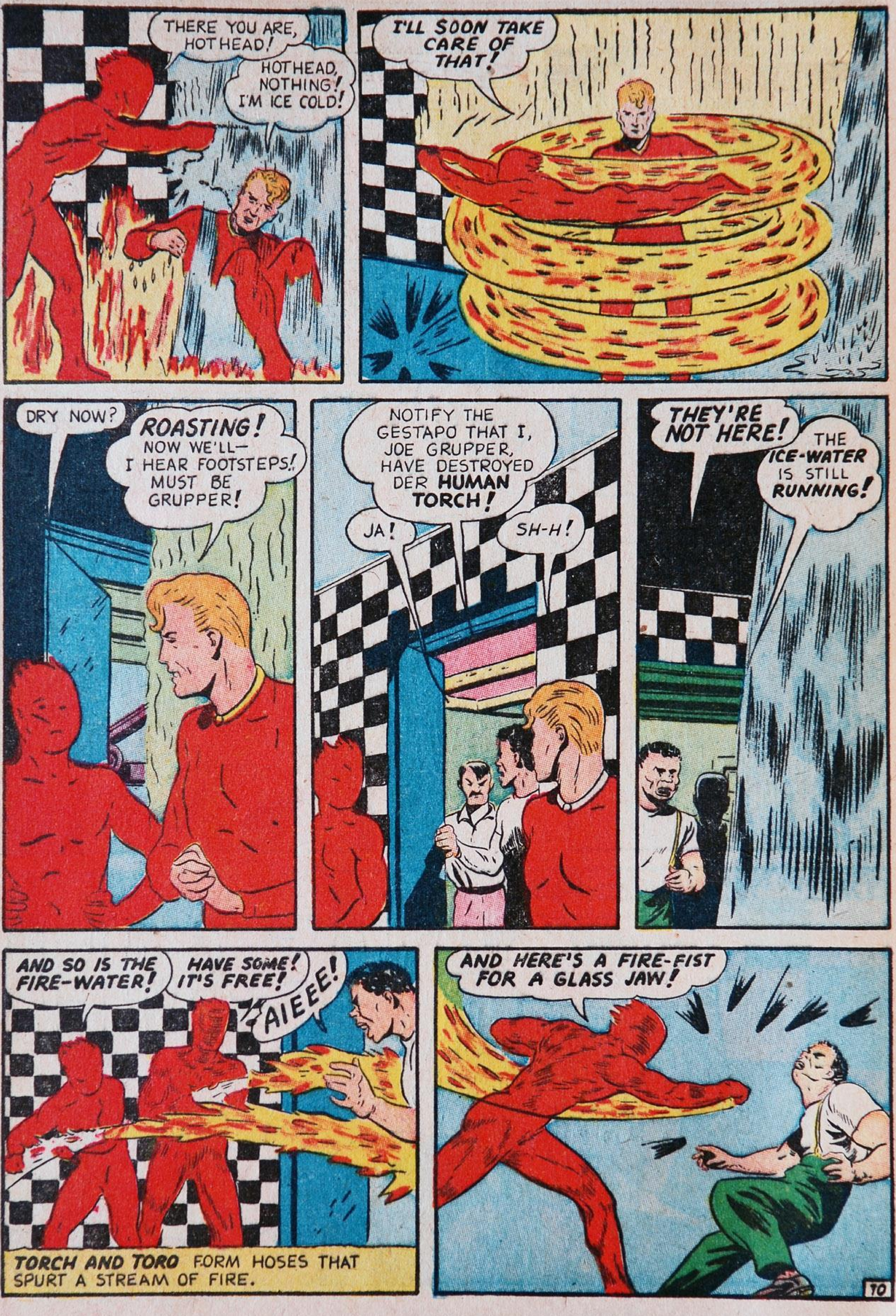

ACH! JUST A FEW MORE AND THE JOB IS FINISHED!
ALMOST ALL DER TABLETS HAVE BEEN CLOSED, GRUPPER.

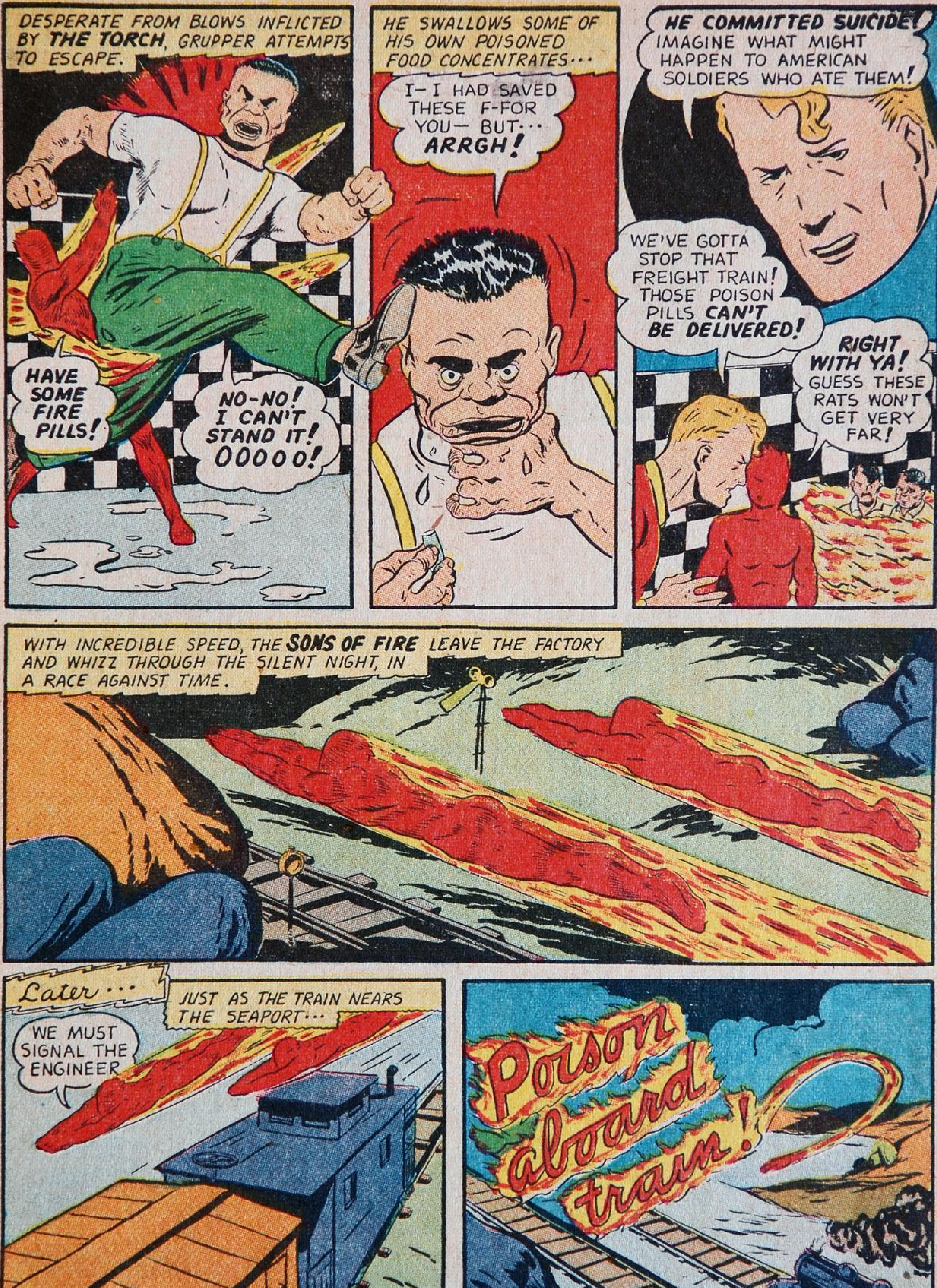

SOMETHING TELLS ME **OUR JOB** IS JUST BEGINNING. LOOK AT THOSE CONCENTRATES!
KILL THEM!
IF IT'S **HEAT** YOU WANT, WE'LL **GIVE IT TO YOU!**
DIS POT OF HOT GELATIN WILL HELP-JA!
SUDDENLY FLAMING UP, TORCH AND TORO RECKLESSLY TACKLE THE DANGEROUS FIFTH-COLUMNISTS!
I'M CONCENTRATING ON YOU!
YEOW!
SO! YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING **POISON** IN THE FOOD CAPSULES!
LOOK OUDT!
POISON

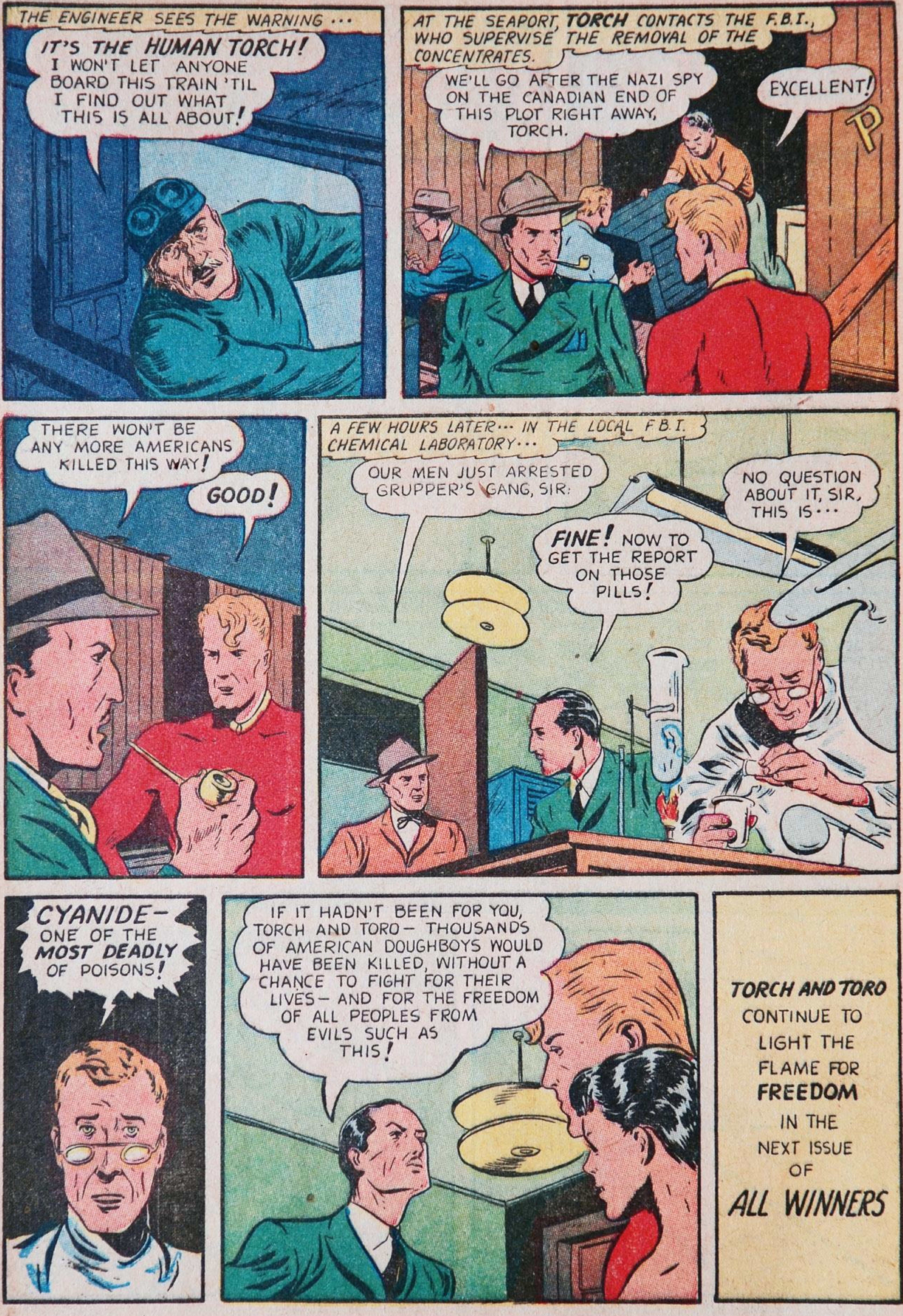

THE SONS OF FIRE SWIFTLY BRING THE NAZIS TO THEIR KNEES.
LOOK, TORO! GRUPPER'S TRYING TO GET AWAY!
ENOUGH!
HOPE TORCH FOLLOWS!
ICE-WATER SPRINKLER
DANGE
HE'S RUSHING THROUGH THAT SPRINKLER SYSTEM, TORO.
THAT'S WHAT THEY USE TO COOL THE GELATINE MOULDS OF THE FOOD PILLS, EH, TORCH ? WELL, WE'LL HEAT THEM UP!
I'LL TURN THIS VALVE AND COOL OFF THE TORCH! HA-HA!
SUDDENLY
A SHOWER! BR-R-R!
AN' WE HAVEN'T EVEN A CAKE OF SOAP!
HUNDREDS OF GALLONS OF FREEZING ICE-WATER DOUSE TORCH AND TORO AND RIP THEIR FLAMES OFF.
BR-R-R! THAT WATER'S COMING DOWN SO FAST, I CAN'T BREATHE!
GOSH! I- I'M J-JUST AB-BOUT FROZEN!
NOW, I WILL PUT ON THESE WATER-GOGGLES AND FINISH MISTER TORCH!

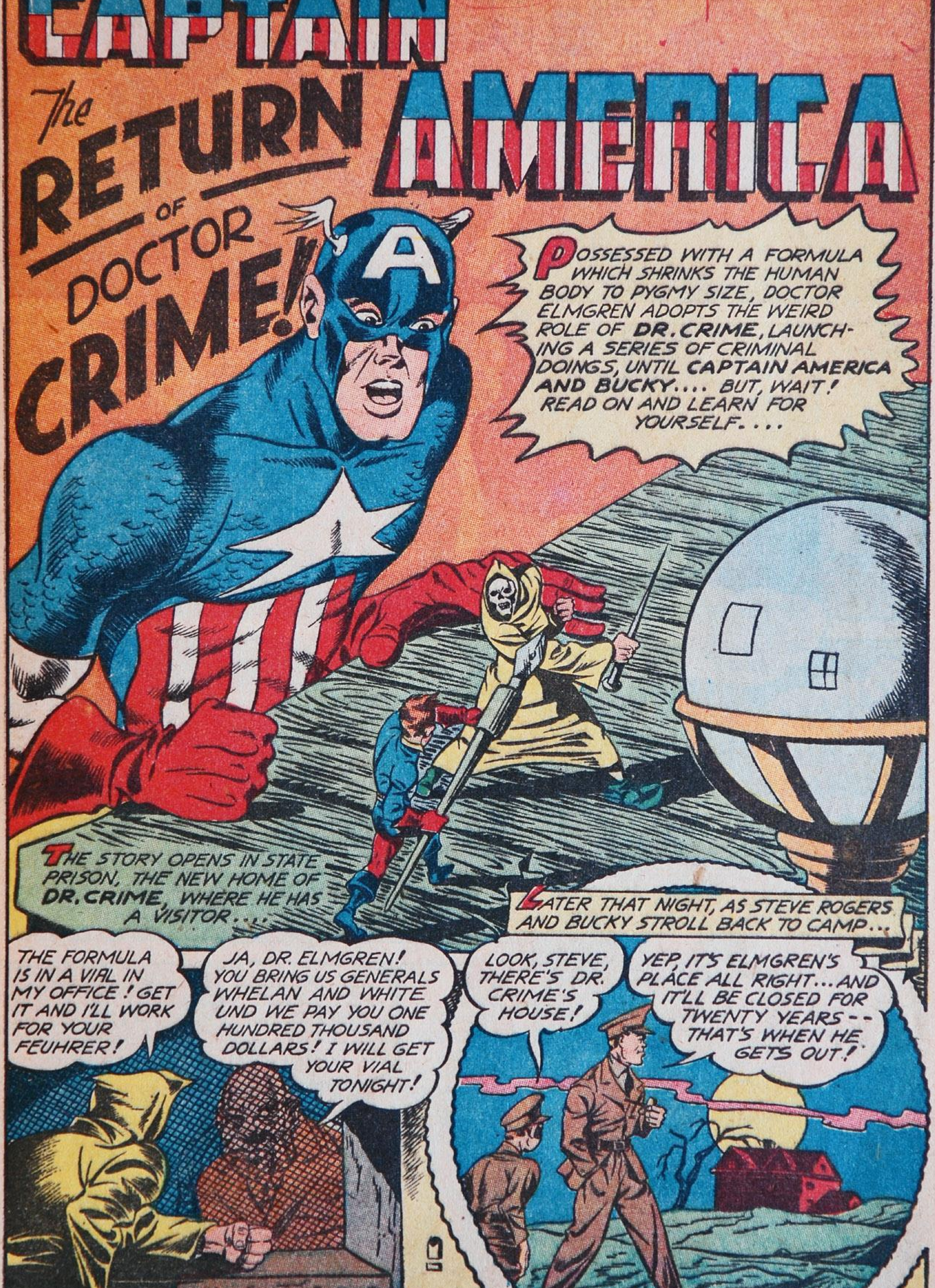

HE SUMMONS A FEW OF HIS MEN···
FOLLOW ME, DUMB-DOPES!
THEY RUSH BACK INTO THE TORRENT···
DIS IS WHERE I USE **YOUR** HEAD!
TAKE DEM OUDT AND CHAIN DEM TO A SHOWER HEAD.
COLD-ROOM
SHOWER SUITS REQUIRED.
JA
SOON····
YOU WILL WAKE SOON··· BUT **NEVER FLAME AGAIN**— FOR THE WATER WILL KEEP YOU SOAKED!
WE'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY. LOAD THE REST OF THOSE FOOD CONCENTRATES ON THAT FREIGHT TRAIN!
AN HOUR LATER, THE LOADED FREIGHT TRAIN LEAVES THE COMPANY SIDING, SPEEDING TO THE COAST WITH A **CARGO OF DEATH!**
BUT··· IN THE FACTORY— **TORCH AND TORO** HAVE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.
THAT LOAD WE JUST SENT WILL GO TO ICELAND FOR THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS THERE.
HUH?
ICELAND— THAT LETTER SAID: "WOULD LIKE TO SEND THE CHILDREN TO ICELAND!" ··· NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THIS ROTTEN NAZI BUSINESS.

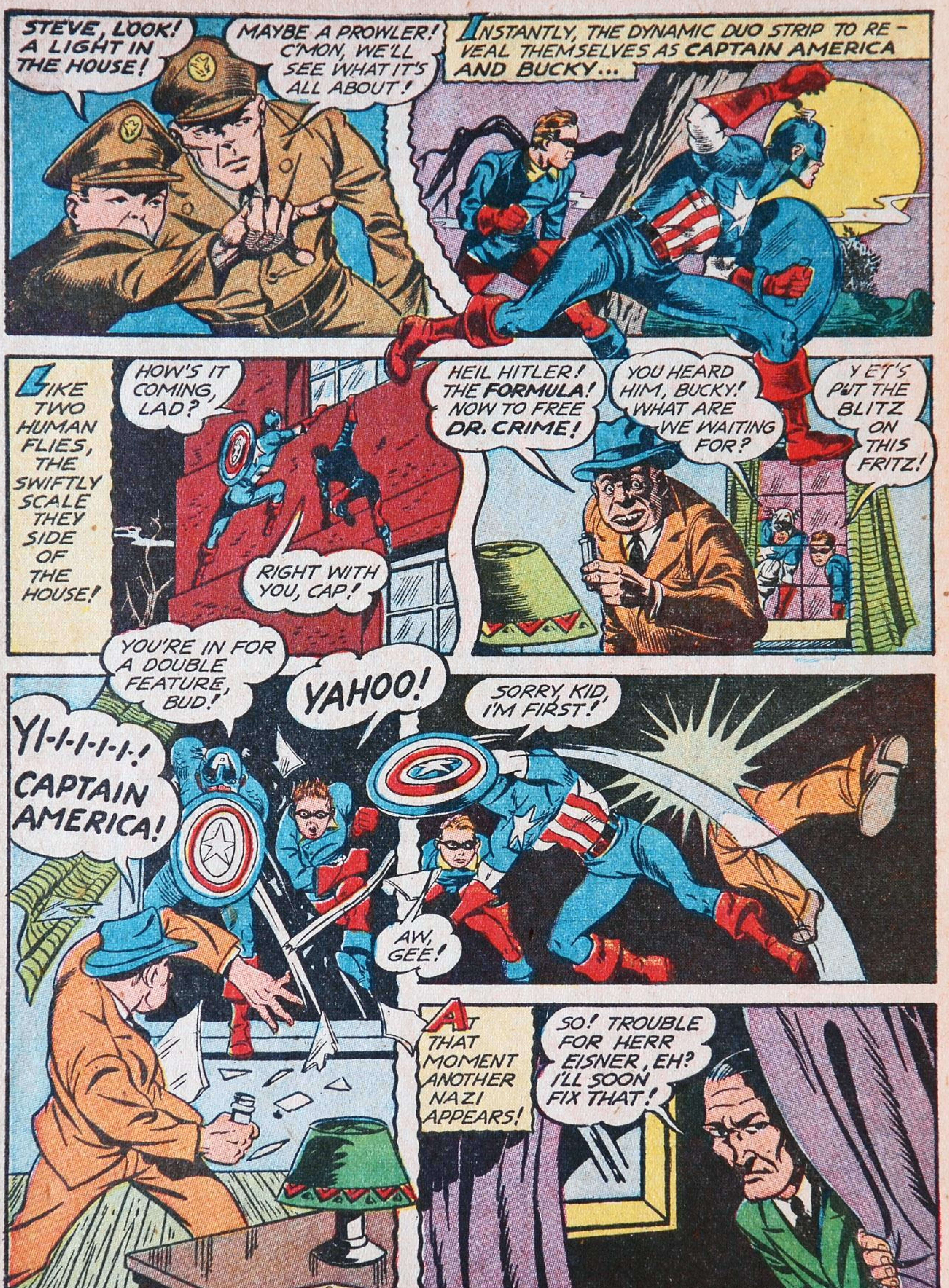

OUR NAZI BROTHER IN CANADA GETS INSTRUCTIONS. THEN HE WRITES ME IN SUCH AN INNOCENT WAY THAT HIS LETTER GETS BY THE AMERICAN CENSOR.
I USE THE SAME CODE AND TELL HIM WHERE THE POISONED FOOD TABLETS ARE TO BE SHIPPED···
THEN THE NAZIS ATTACK THAT PLACE AND OUR SOLDIERS ARE DEAD OR DYING. NO WONDER THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE AT CARRAWAY ISLAND.
THE SINISTER GRUPPER EXPLAINS THE PLOT.
I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS TO KILL YOU– IF PNEUMONIA DOESN'T KILL YOU FIRST! HA-HA!
KEE
OU
SHOWER
WHEN C
LIGHT IS
RED
CHAINED AND HELPLESS UNDER THE ICE-WATER, TORCH AND TORO AWAIT A CHILL FATE.
G-GOSH! L-LOOKS L-LIKE THE END, TORCH!
I'M SO DRENCHED I CAN'T FLAME UP!
WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!
THIS'LL KEEP THE WATER OFF YOU, TORO.
I GET YA! MAYBE I CAN DRY OUT A LITTLE.
ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER···
TORCH! TORCH! I CAN FLAME! I'LL BURN THROUGH THE CHAINS!

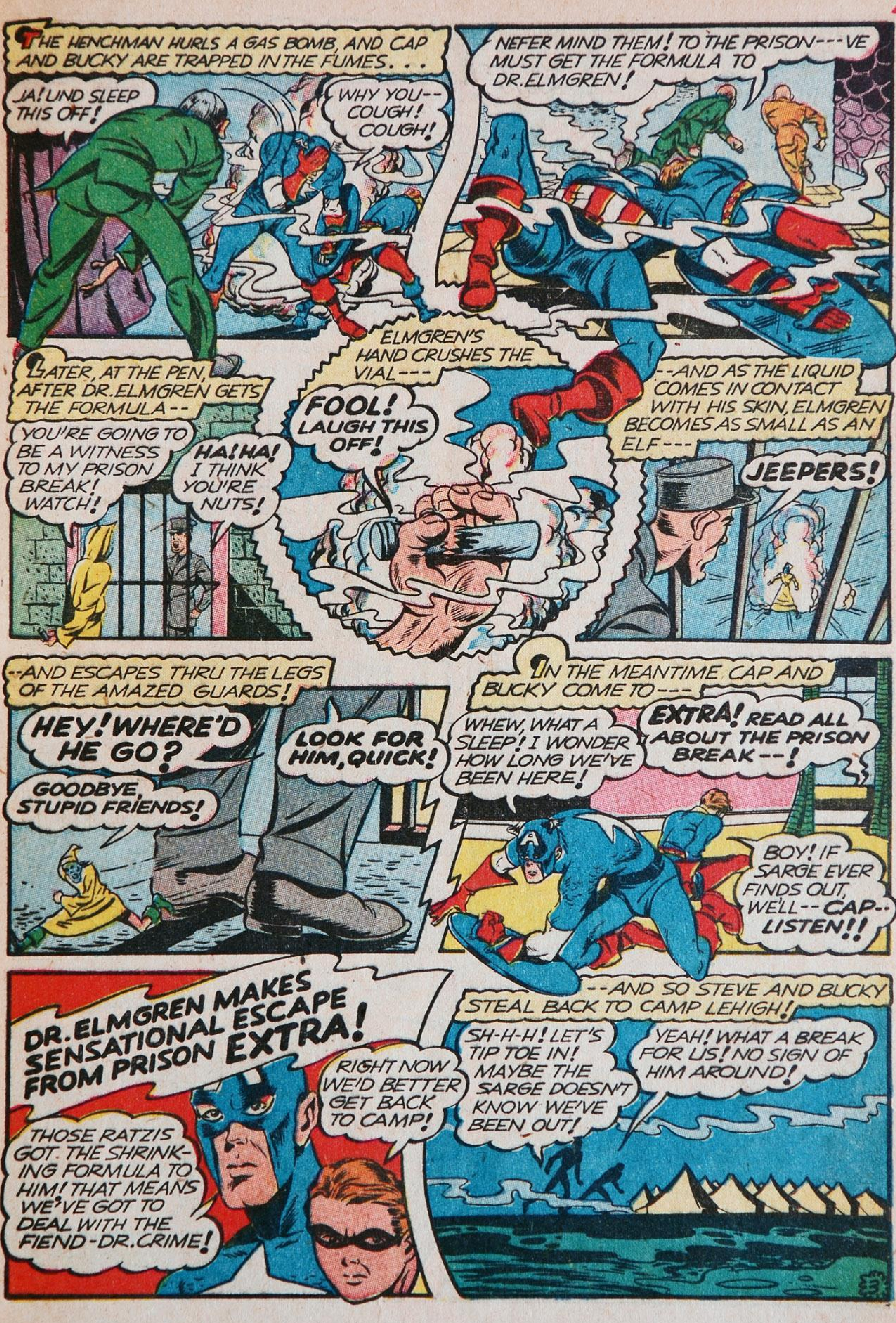

THERE YOU ARE, HOTHEAD!
HOTHEAD, NOTHING! I'M ICE COLD!
I'LL SOON TAKE CARE OF THAT!
DRY NOW?
ROASTING! NOW WE'LL— I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! MUST BE GRUPPER!
NOTIFY THE GESTAPO THAT I, JOE GRUPPER, HAVE DESTROYED DER HUMAN TORCH!
JA!
SH-H!
THEY'RE NOT HERE!
THE ICE-WATER IS STILL RUNNING!
AND SO IS THE FIRE-WATER!
HAVE SOME! IT'S FREE!
AIEEE!
TORCH AND TORO FORM HOSES THAT SPURT A STREAM OF FIRE.
AND HERE'S A FIRE-FIST FOR A GLASS JAW!

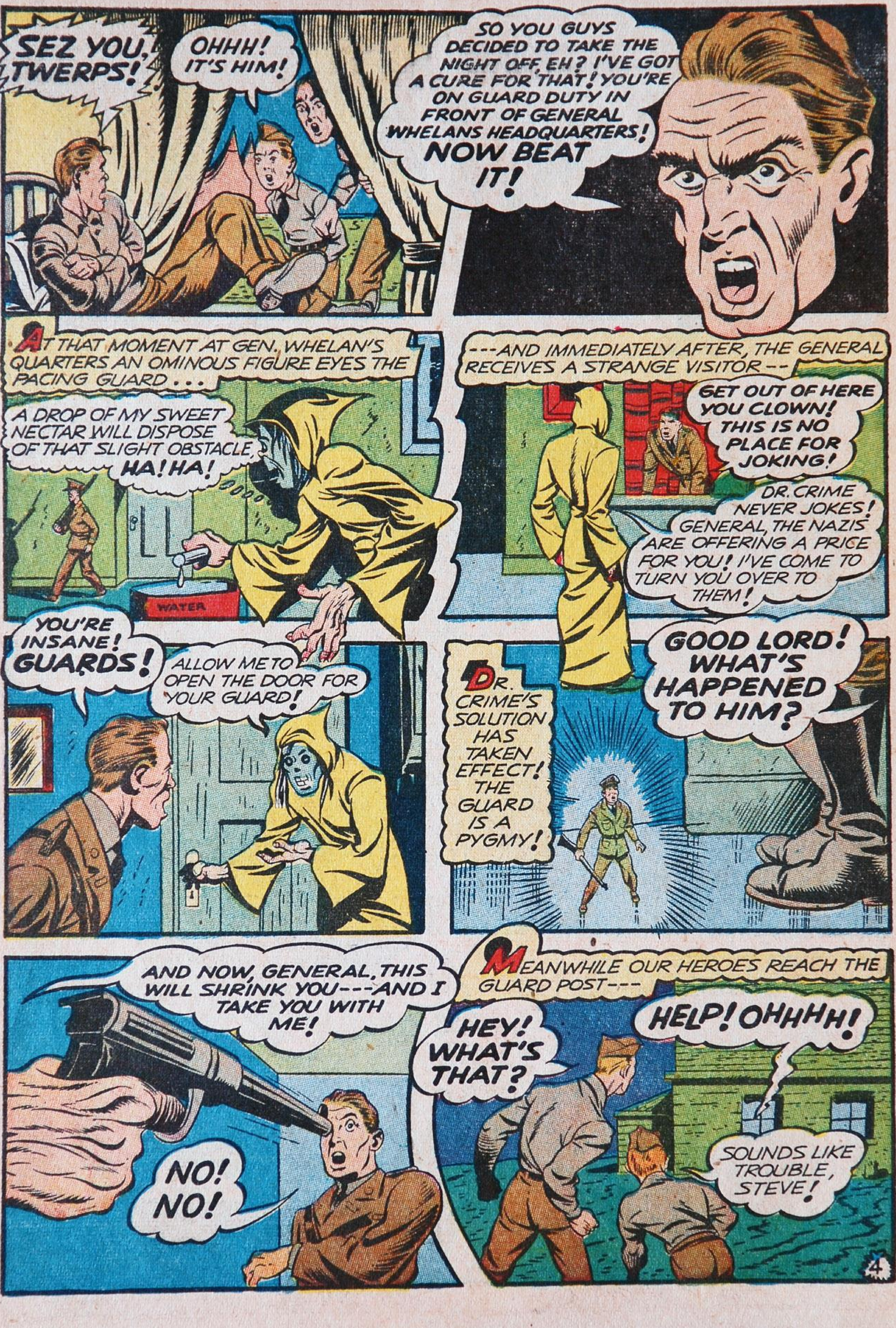

DESPERATE FROM BLOWS INFLICTED BY THE TORCH, GRUPPER ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.
HAVE SOME FIRE PILLS!
NO-NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! OOOOO!
HE SWALLOWS SOME OF HIS OWN POISONED FOOD CONCENTRATES...
I- I HAD SAVED THESE F-FOR YOU- BUT... ARRGH!
HE COMMITTED SUICIDE! IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO ATE THEM!
WE'VE GOTTA STOP THAT FREIGHT TRAIN! THOSE POISON PILLS CAN'T BE DELIVERED!
RIGHT WITH YA! GUESS THESE RATS WON'T GET VERY FAR!
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE SONS OF FIRE LEAVE THE FACTORY AND WHIZZ THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT, IN A RACE AGAINST TIME.
Later...
JUST AS THE TRAIN NEARS THE SEAPORT...
WE MUST SIGNAL THE ENGINEER
Poison aboard train!

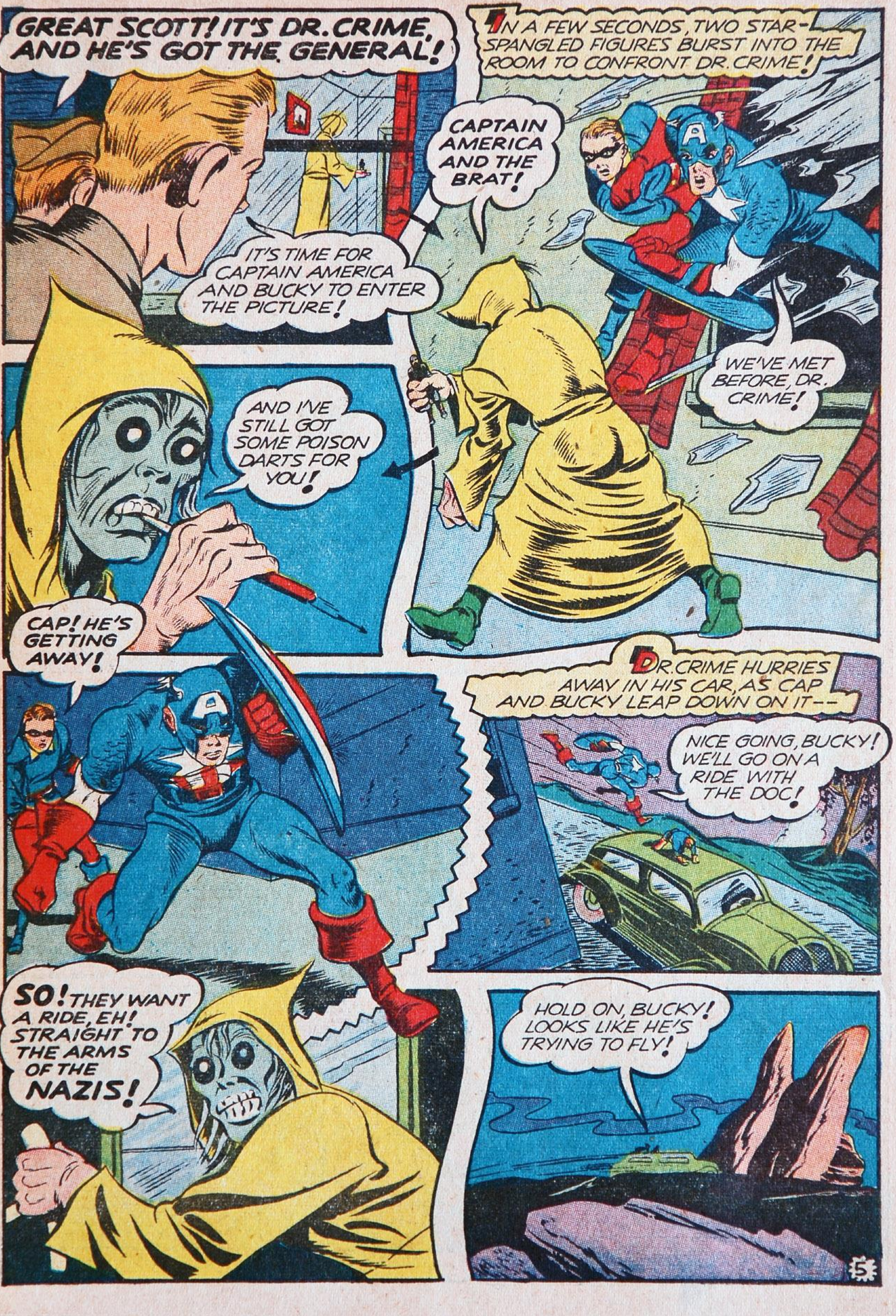

THE ENGINEER SEES THE WARNING ...
IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! I WON'T LET ANYONE BOARD THIS TRAIN 'TIL I FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
AT THE SEAPORT, TORCH CONTACTS THE F.B.I., WHO SUPERVISE THE REMOVAL OF THE CONCENTRATES.
WE'LL GO AFTER THE NAZI SPY ON THE CANADIAN END OF THIS PLOT RIGHT AWAY, TORCH.
EXCELLENT!
P
THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE AMERICANS KILLED THIS WAY!
GOOD!
A FEW HOURS LATER ... IN THE LOCAL F.B.I. CHEMICAL LABORATORY ...
OUR MEN JUST ARRESTED GRUPPER'S GANG, SIR.
FINE! NOW TO GET THE REPORT ON THOSE PILLS!
NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, SIR, THIS IS ...
CYANIDE— ONE OF THE MOST DEADLY OF POISONS!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, TORCH AND TORO— THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED, WITHOUT A CHANCE TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES— AND FOR THE FREEDOM OF ALL PEOPLES FROM EVILS SUCH AS THIS!
TORCH AND TORO CONTINUE TO LIGHT THE FLAME FOR FREEDOM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ALL WINNERS


CAPTAIN AMERICA
The RETURN OF DOCTOR CRIME!
POSSESSED WITH A FORMULA WHICH SHRINKS THE HUMAN BODY TO PYGMY SIZE, DOCTOR ELMGREN ADOPTS THE WEIRD ROLE OF DR. CRIME, LAUNCHING A SERIES OF CRIMINAL DOINGS, UNTIL CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY.... BUT, WAIT! READ ON AND LEARN FOR YOURSELF...
THE STORY OPENS IN STATE PRISON, THE NEW HOME OF DR. CRIME, WHERE HE HAS A VISITOR...
THE FORMULA IS IN A VIAL IN MY OFFICE! GET IT AND I'LL WORK FOR YOUR FEUHRER!
JA, DR. ELMGREN! YOU BRING US GENERALS WHELAN AND WHITE UND WE PAY YOU ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! I WILL GET YOUR VIAL TONIGHT!
LATER THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY STROLL BACK TO CAMP...
LOOK, STEVE, THERE'S DR. CRIME'S HOUSE!
YEP, IT'S ELMGREN'S PLACE ALL RIGHT...AND IT'LL BE CLOSED FOR TWENTY YEARS-- THAT'S WHEN HE GETS OUT!


STEVE, LOOK! A LIGHT IN THE HOUSE!
MAYBE A PROWLER! C'MON, WE'LL SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
INSTANTLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO STRIP TO REVEAL THEMSELVES AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY...
LIKE TWO HUMAN FLIES, THE SWIFTLY SCALE THEY SIDE OF THE HOUSE!
HOW'S IT COMING, LAD?
RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!
HEIL HITLER! THE FORMULA! NOW TO FREE DR. CRIME!
YOU HEARD HIM, BUCKY! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
Y ET'S PUT THE BLITZ ON THIS FRITZ!
YOU'RE IN FOR A DOUBLE FEATURE, BUD!
YAHOO!
SORRY, KID, I'M FIRST!
YI-I-I-I-I-! CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AW, GEE!
AT THAT MOMENT ANOTHER NAZI APPEARS!
SO! TROUBLE FOR HERR EISNER, EH? I'LL SOON FIX THAT!
2

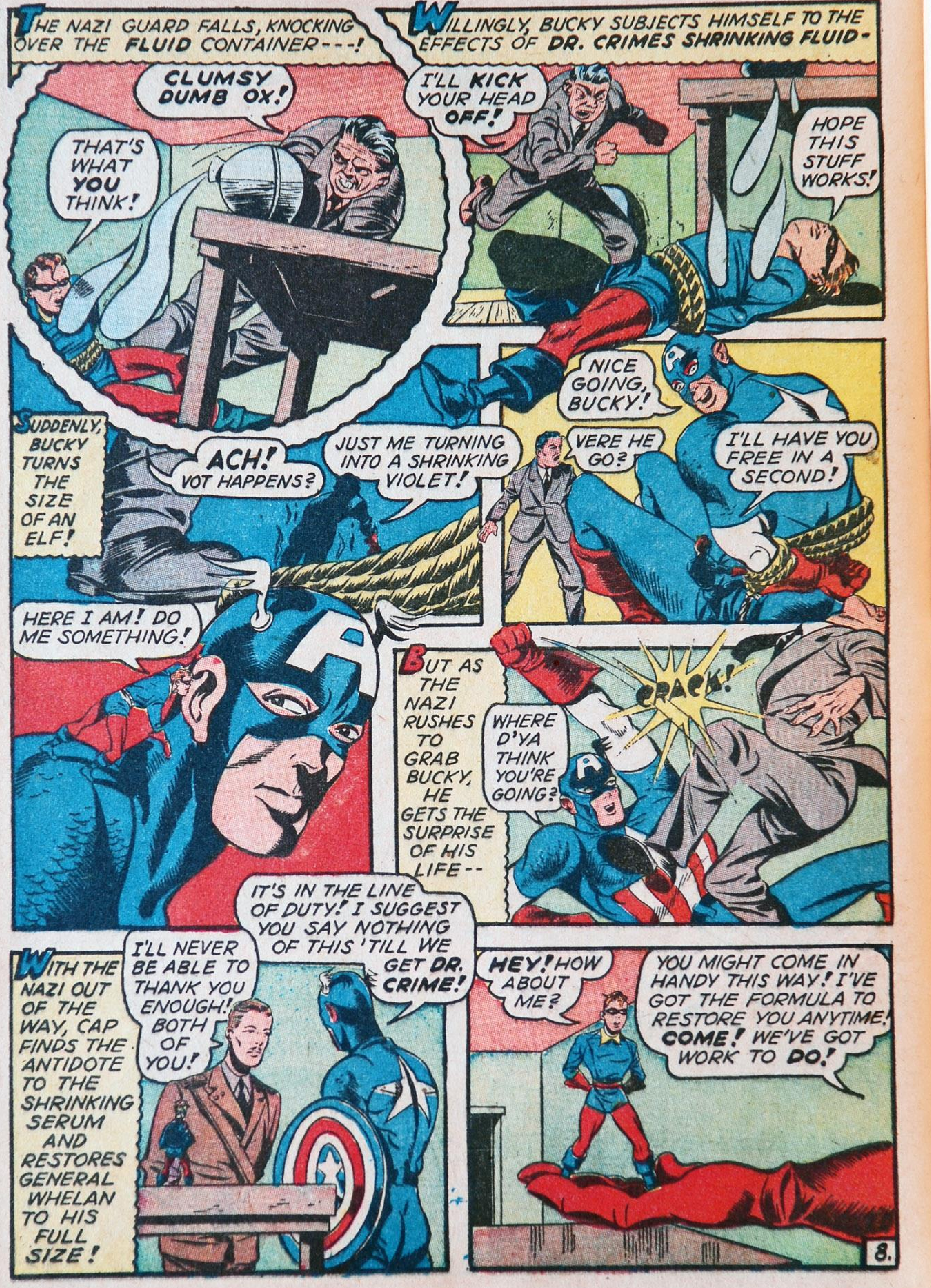

THE HENCHMAN HURLS A GAS BOMB, AND CAP AND BUCKY ARE TRAPPED IN THE FUMES . . .
JA! UND SLEEP THIS OFF!
WHY YOU-- COUGH! COUGH!
NEFER MIND THEM! TO THE PRISON---VE MUST GET THE FORMULA TO DR. ELMGREN!
LATER, AT THE PEN, AFTER DR. ELMGREN GETS THE FORMULA--
YOU'RE GOING TO BE A WITNESS TO MY PRISON BREAK! WATCH!
HA! HA! I THINK YOU'RE NUTS!
ELMGREN'S HAND CRUSHES THE VIAL---
FOOL! LAUGH THIS OFF!
--AND AS THE LIQUID COMES IN CONTACT WITH HIS SKIN, ELMGREN BECOMES AS SMALL AS AN ELF---
JEEPERS!
--AND ESCAPES THRU THE LEGS OF THE AMAZED GUARDS!
HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?
LOOK FOR HIM, QUICK!
GOODBYE, STUPID FRIENDS!
IN THE MEANTIME CAP AND BUCKY COME TO---
WHEW, WHAT A SLEEP! I WONDER HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN HERE!
EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE PRISON BREAK--!
BOY! IF SARGE EVER FINDS OUT, WE'LL-- CAP-- LISTEN!!
DR. ELMGREN MAKES SENSATIONAL ESCAPE FROM PRISON EXTRA!
THOSE RATZIS GOT THE SHRINKING FORMULA TO HIM! THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO DEAL WITH THE FIEND-DR. CRIME!
RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP!
--AND SO STEVE AND BUCKY STEAL BACK TO CAMP LEHIGH!
SH-H-H! LET'S TIP TOE IN! MAYBE THE SARGE DOESN'T KNOW WE'VE BEEN OUT!
YEAH! WHAT A BREAK FOR US! NO SIGN OF HIM AROUND!
3


SEZ YOU, TWERPS!
OHHH! IT'S HIM!
SO YOU GUYS DECIDED TO TAKE THE NIGHT OFF, EH? I'VE GOT A CURE FOR THAT! YOU'RE ON GUARD DUTY IN FRONT OF GENERAL WHELANS HEADQUARTERS! NOW BEAT IT!
AT THAT MOMENT AT GEN. WHELAN'S QUARTERS AN OMINOUS FIGURE EYES THE PACING GUARD . . .
A DROP OF MY SWEET NECTAR WILL DISPOSE OF THAT SLIGHT OBSTACLE, HA! HA!
WATER
---AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER, THE GENERAL RECEIVES A STRANGE VISITOR --
GET OUT OF HERE YOU CLOWN! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR JOKING!
DR. CRIME NEVER JOKES! GENERAL, THE NAZIS ARE OFFERING A PRICE FOR YOU! I'VE COME TO TURN YOU OVER TO THEM!
YOU'RE INSANE! GUARDS!
ALLOW ME TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOUR GUARD!
DR. CRIME'S SOLUTION HAS TAKEN EFFECT! THE GUARD IS A PYGMY!
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
AND NOW, GENERAL, THIS WILL SHRINK YOU---AND I TAKE YOU WITH ME!
NO! NO!
MEANWHILE OUR HEROES REACH THE GUARD POST---
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
HELP! OHHHH!
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, STEVE!


GREAT SCOTT! IT'S DR. CRIME, AND HE'S GOT THE GENERAL!
IT'S TIME FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TO ENTER THE PICTURE!
IN A FEW SECONDS, TWO STAR-SPANGLED FIGURES BURST INTO THE ROOM TO CONFRONT DR. CRIME!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE BRAT!
WE'VE MET BEFORE, DR. CRIME!
AND I'VE STILL GOT SOME POISON DARTS FOR YOU!
CAP! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
DR. CRIME HURRIES AWAY IN HIS CAR, AS CAP AND BUCKY LEAP DOWN ON IT--
NICE GOING, BUCKY! WE'LL GO ON A RIDE WITH THE DOC!
SO! THEY WANT A RIDE, EH! STRAIGHT TO THE ARMS OF THE NAZIS!
HOLD ON, BUCKY! LOOKS LIKE HE'S TRYING TO FLY!

SWIFTLY THE CAR SPEEDS INTO AN OPEN DOOR OF A WINDMILL . . .
HOLY CATS, CAP! WE'RE TRAPPED!
RIGHT INTO A RATZI NEST!
IT'S **DR. CRIME!** HE'S GOT **CAPTAIN AMERICA** WITH HIM!
WE OUT-NUMBER THEM! **CHARGE!**
BUT WHEN THE NAZIS TRY TO ATTACK CAP AND BUCKY THEY FIND THEY'VE RUN INTO A CAGE OF WILD CATS!
NICE SETTING UP EXERCISE, EH, CAP?
THE CRAFTY VON EISNER PREPARES FOR A VICTORY . . . . .
FIRST I'LL GET THE LITTLE ONE!
HOLD THAT POSE!
BONG!
TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, CHUM!
BUT DR. CRIME TAKES A HAND...
HA! YOU FORGOT ME!
YOU RAT! I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!
DR. CRIME NIMBLY SIDESTEPS THE MADDENED RUSH OF THE ENRAGED BUCKY! . . .
. . . AND HE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!

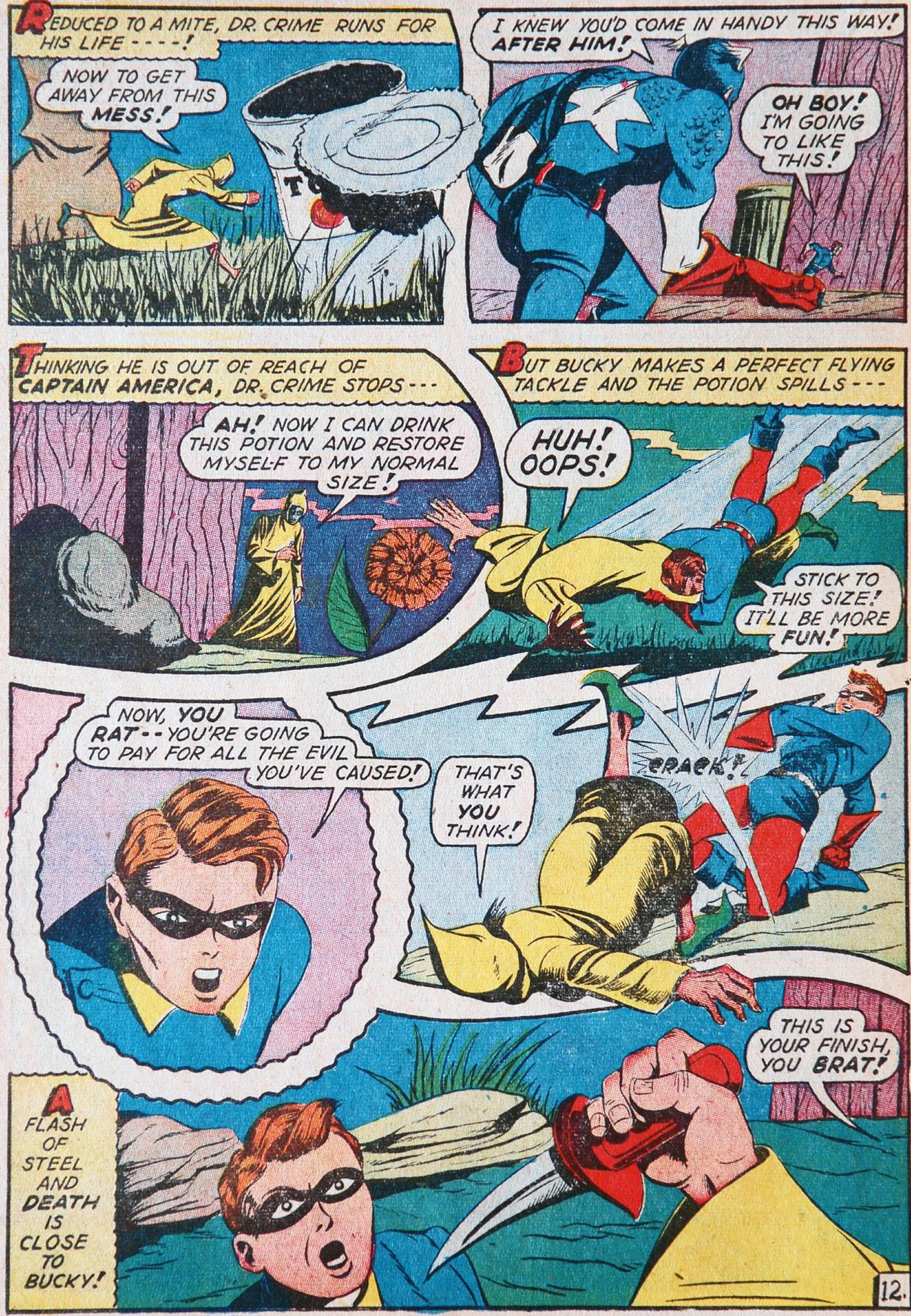
... AND IMMEDIATELY THE NAZIS POUNCE ON HIM...
THIS'LL PUT YOU OUT FOR A WHILE, BRAT!
CAP AND BUCKY ARE CARRIED INTO THE GREAT MILL ROOM WHERE THE SHRUNKEN GENERAL WHELAN IS ALREADY IMPRISONED!
HA! I HAVE NOT DONE SO BAD, EH, VON EISNER? YOU NOT ONLY HAVE WHELAN BUT **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND THE KID!
GOOD WORK, DR. CRIME!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN A SPOT, LAD!
IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME, EH, CAP?
A LITTLE MORE OF THIS SHRINKING FLUID AND I SHALL GET GENERAL WHITE FOR YOU, TOO!
JAWOHL! THE FUEHRER VILL KNOW OF YOUR VERY EXCELLENT WORK!
DR. CRIME AND I ARE GOING OUT, HANS! KEEP AN EYE ON DOSE!
VONE FUNNY MOVE UND... POOF! DEY ARE FINISHED!
BAH! IF IT VASN'T FOR YOU I COULD GO ALONG MIT DEM!
THAT TEST-GLOBE! IT'S GOT SHRINKING FLUID IN IT! HMMMM!
AS THE NAZI TURNS TO WALK AWAY, BUCKY LUNGES OUT HIS LEGS...
HEY! VOT ISS!
THIS IS!


THE NAZI GUARD FALLS, KNOCKING OVER THE FLUID CONTAINER---!
CLUMSY DUMB OX!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
WILLINGLY, BUCKY SUBJECTS HIMSELF TO THE EFFECTS OF DR. CRIMES SHRINKING FLUID-
I'LL KICK YOUR HEAD OFF!
HOPE THIS STUFF WORKS!
SUDDENLY, BUCKY TURNS THE SIZE OF AN ELF!
ACH! VOT HAPPENS?
JUST ME TURNING INTO A SHRINKING VIOLET!
NICE GOING, BUCKY!
VERE HE GO?
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!
HERE I AM! DO ME SOMETHING!
BUT AS THE NAZI RUSHES TO GRAB BUCKY, HE GETS THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE--
WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOING?
CRACK!
WITH THE NAZI OUT OF THE WAY, CAP FINDS THE ANTIDOTE TO THE SHRINKING SERUM AND RESTORES GENERAL WHELAN TO HIS FULL SIZE!
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH! BOTH OF YOU!
IT'S IN THE LINE OF DUTY! I SUGGEST YOU SAY NOTHING OF THIS 'TILL WE GET DR. CRIME!
HEY! HOW ABOUT ME?
YOU MIGHT COME IN HANDY THIS WAY! I'VE GOT THE FORMULA TO RESTORE YOU ANYTIME! COME! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

LATER OUTSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECOND CORPS AREA, GEN. WHITE COMMANDANT---
HERE HE COMES! I'LL MAKE QUICK WORK OF HIM!
ANY FURTHER ORDERS, GENERAL WHITE?
I'LL SEND FOR YOU WHEN I'M READY!
AS THE GENERAL TURNS TOWARDS HIS QUARTERS-
--A PRESENT FOR YOU-- FROM DR. CRIME!
EH? WHAT'S THIS?
BUT A BRIGHTLY COLORED SHIELD SHOUTS INTO THE PATH OF THE EVIL VIAL---!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YAHOO!
GET HIM!
LET'S START THE MUSIC, BOYS!
THIS SLING-SHOT'LL TAKE CARE OF OL' DR. CRIME!
OUCH!
9

QUICKLY, CAP PLUNGES INTO BATTLE WITH DR. CRIME AND HIS COHORTS!!
BOFF!
BUCKY, TOO, CHIPS IN WITH HIS BIT ----
OUCH!
I'LL PROBABLY GET POISONED BITING THIS GUY, BUT HERE GOES!

DURING THE SCUFFLE, TWO SOLDIERS HAPPEN ALONG---
HEY, LOOK! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHEN CAP'S AROUND IT MEANS HE'S MOPPING UP SOME DIRTY WORK! LET'S HELP HIM CLEAN UP!
HELLO, CAP!
WELCOME, FELLAS!
BUT VON EISNER TRIES TO ESCAPE!
IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, ONE MUST FORGET THE FEUHRER AND THINK OF HIMSELF--
GOING SOMEPLACE?
HUH?
IN A FEW SECONDS, VON EISNER IS PLACED IN A RATHER PECULIAR POSITION---
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M A CITIZEN OF ANOTHER COUNTRY!
I WOULDN'T BOAST ABOUT IT!---NOW FOR DR. CRIME!
OKAY, UGLY PUSS! YOU'RE NEXT ON MY LIST!
NO! NO! NEVER! AH! YES! THE SHRINKING FLUID!
HE'LL NEVER GET ME NOW!


REDUCED TO A MITE, DR. CRIME RUNS FOR HIS LIFE - - - -!
NOW TO GET AWAY FROM THIS **MESS**!
T
I KNEW YOU'D COME IN HANDY THIS WAY! **AFTER HIM!**
OH BOY! I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS!
THINKING HE IS OUT OF REACH OF **CAPTAIN AMERICA**, DR. CRIME STOPS - - -
AH! NOW I CAN DRINK THIS POTION AND RESTORE MYSELF TO MY NORMAL SIZE!
BUT BUCKY MAKES A PERFECT FLYING TACKLE AND THE POTION SPILLS - - -
HUH! OOPS!
STICK TO THIS SIZE! IT'LL BE MORE **FUN**!
NOW, **YOU RAT** - - YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR ALL THE EVIL YOU'VE CAUSED!
THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK!
CRACK!
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, YOU **BRAT**!
A FLASH OF STEEL AND **DEATH** IS CLOSE TO BUCKY!

BUT BEFORE DR. CRIME CAN STRIKE, HE IS SWOOPED UP BY A HAWK AND BORN AWAY!
HELP!
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SAVED BY A HAWK!
SUDDENLY A SHADOW IS CAST ACROSS BUCKY'S PATH---
HOLY CATS! ANOTHER ONE!
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I BECOME HAWK-FOOD, TOO!
WAIT A MINUTE, LAD!
CAP! IT'S YOU! THANK GOODNESS! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO JOIN DR. CRIME AS THE HAWK'S DINNER!
DRINK THIS BEFORE I HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH YOU!
YEAH! I'M GETTING KINDA TIRED OF BEING SO TINY!
THE F.B.I. GOT EISNER AND HIS GANG AND THE HAWK GOT DR. CRIME---SO THAT ENDS THAT!
--AND WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP OR SARGE WILL FINISH US!
THE END

SUPER RABBIT

The BIG 3

TERRY-TOONS COMICS

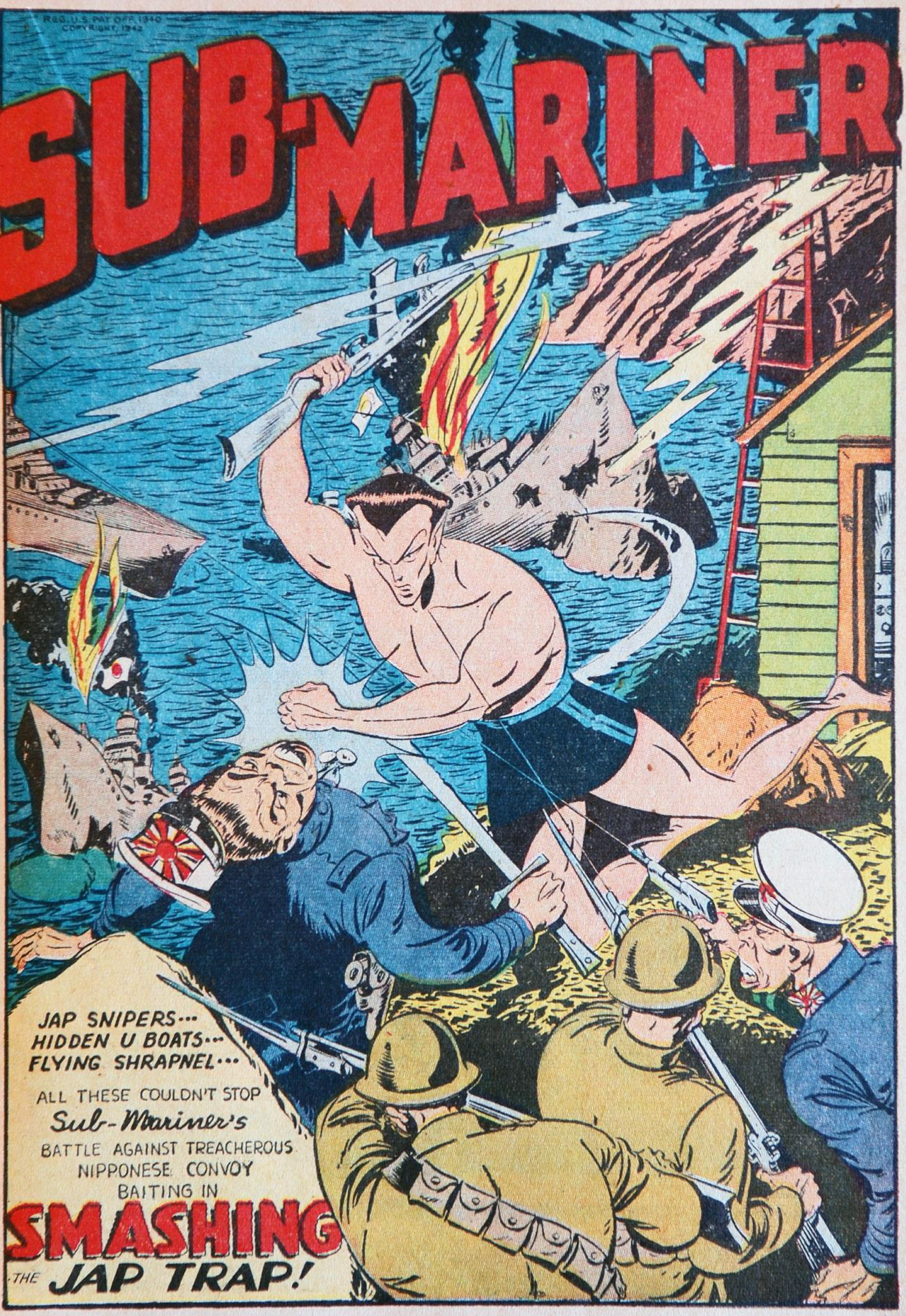
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

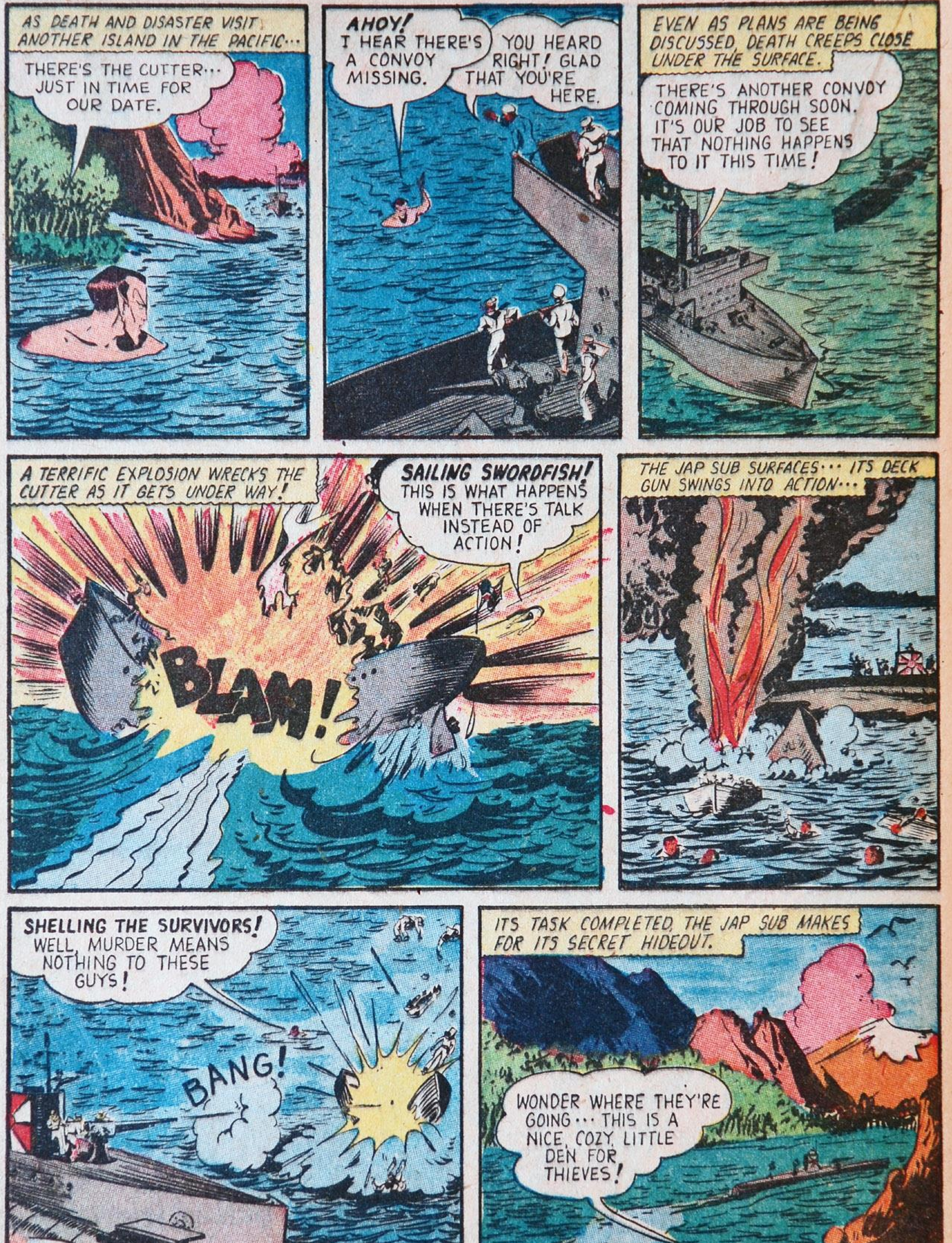
KRAZY KOMICS

NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

COMEDY COMICS

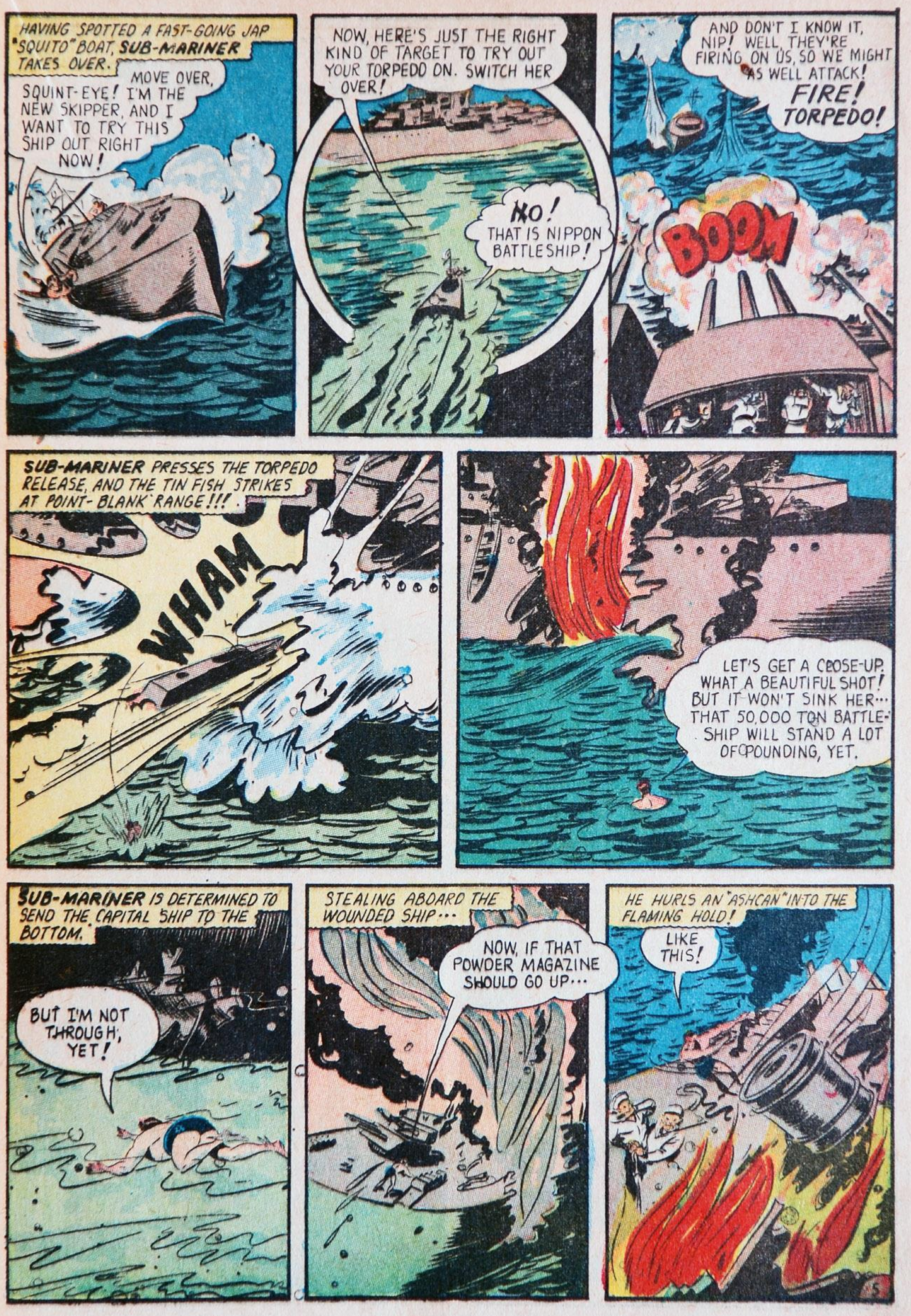
NEW
EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!


REG. U.S. PAT OFF 1940
COPYRIGHT 1942
SUB-MARINER
JAP SNIPERS... HIDDEN U BOATS... FLYING SHRAPNEL...
ALL THESE COULDN'T STOP Sub-Mariner's BATTLE AGAINST TREACHEROUS NIPPONESE CONVOY BAITING IN
SMASHING THE JAP TRAP!

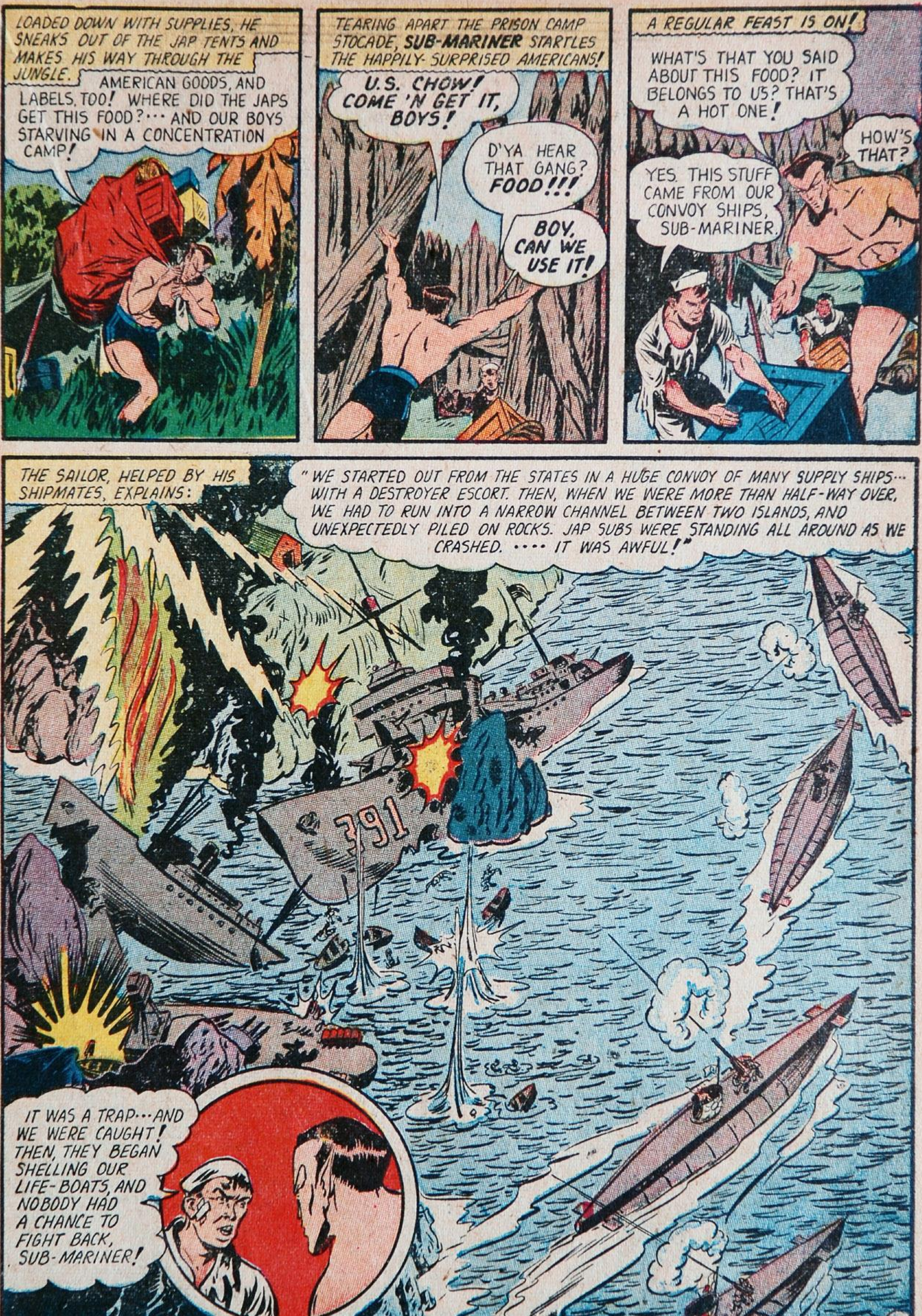

AS DEATH AND DISASTER VISIT ANOTHER ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC...
THERE'S THE CUTTER... JUST IN TIME FOR OUR DATE.
AHOY! I HEAR THERE'S A CONVOY MISSING.
YOU HEARD RIGHT! GLAD THAT YOU'RE HERE.
EVEN AS PLANS ARE BEING DISCUSSED, DEATH CREEPS CLOSE UNDER THE SURFACE.
THERE'S ANOTHER CONVOY COMING THROUGH SOON. IT'S OUR JOB TO SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO IT THIS TIME!
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION WRECKS THE CUTTER AS IT GETS UNDER WAY!
SAILING SWORDFISH! THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THERE'S TALK INSTEAD OF ACTION!
BLAM!
THE JAP SUB SURFACES... ITS DECK GUN SWINGS INTO ACTION...
SHELLING THE SURVIVORS! WELL, MURDER MEANS NOTHING TO THESE GUYS!
BANG!
ITS TASK COMPLETED, THE JAP SUB MAKES FOR ITS SECRET HIDEOUT.
WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING... THIS IS A NICE, COZY, LITTLE DEN FOR THIEVES!

SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE SUB UP THE COVE, FROM THE SHORE.
THAT SKIPPER KNOWS HIS WAY. BET THESE BIRDS PLAYED AT FISHING IN THESE PARTS. WELL GUARDED, TOO!
YI! SUB-MARINER!
SKIP THE YI! PART!
HE RUSHES TO THE JAP SENTRY AS HIS RIFLE GOES OFF IN THE STRUGGLE.
COMPANY'S COMING. YOU GO MEET 'EM, SQUINT-EYES!
SUB-MARINER TOSSES THE SENTRY AT THE JAP RESCUERS, TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION.
JOIN THE REST OF THE YAPS, JAP··· I'VE GOT OTHER WORK TO DO···
SNOOPING ABOUT, SUB-MARINER COMES UNEXPECTEDLY UPON A HIDDEN CAMP.
GALLOPING GRASSHOPPERS! AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN A JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP! THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
HE DROPS INSIDE THE ENCLOSURE.
YOU BOYS NEED MEDICAL CARE?
WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? DUCK!
A JAP GUARD SNEAKS UPON HIM, FROM BEHIND.
YOU FINISH BUSINESS, YES?

SUB-MARINER LEAPS...
TRY THIS IN YOUR MESS KIT!
...SIEZES THE GUARD'S RIFLE!
YISS! I FINISH- FOR THE TIME BEING! ANY MORE GUARDS AROUND? IF NOT, I'LL GO NOW
CRACK!
WE'LL BE ON GUARD OURSELVES! GOOD LUCK!
LEAVING THE AMERICANS TO ORGANIZE THEIR OWN RESCUE, SUB-MARINER RANGES THE ISLAND.
PIRATE'S POISON! WHAT IS THIS- PRISONERS, BOOTY, AND JAPS EVERYWHERE!
SUB-MARINER WATCHES, AS THE JAP U-BOAT IS LOADED WITH SUPPLIES AND EXPLOSIVES.
WHAT LUCK! THEY'RE LOADING AMMUNITION ON HER DECK... NOW FOR A BULLS-EYE!
SUB-MARINER'S SINGLE, WELL-AIMED SHOT SETS OFF THE T.N.T. IN THE SHELLS, WRECKING THE SUB!
THAT'LL SINK HER AS FAST AS A DIRECT HIT FROM A FIVE-INCHER!
I'D LIKE A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THAT JAP TIN-FISH... BUT WHAT'S THIS? OH-REINFORCEMENTS! GEE! I'D LIKE TO PLAY BOATS! WELL... IF MY DREAM ISN'T COMING TRUE!


HAVING SPOTTED A FAST-GOING JAP "SQUITO" BOAT, SUB-MARINER TAKES OVER.
MOVE OVER, SQUINT-EYE! I'M THE NEW SKIPPER, AND I WANT TO TRY THIS SHIP OUT RIGHT NOW!
NOW, HERE'S JUST THE RIGHT KIND OF TARGET TO TRY OUT YOUR TORPEDO ON. SWITCH HER OVER!
NO! THAT IS NIPPON BATTLESHIP!
AND DON'T I KNOW IT, NIP! WELL, THEY'RE FIRING ON US, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL ATTACK! FIRE! TORPEDO!
BOOM
SUB-MARINER PRESSES THE TORPEDO RELEASE, AND THE TIN FISH STRIKES AT POINT-BLANK RANGE!!!
WHAM
LET'S GET A CLOSE-UP. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SHOT! BUT IT WON'T SINK HER... THAT 50,000 TON BATTLESHIP WILL STAND A LOT OF POUNDING, YET.
SUB-MARINER IS DETERMINED TO SEND THE CAPITAL SHIP TO THE BOTTOM.
BUT I'M NOT THROUGH, YET!
STEALING ABOARD THE WOUNDED SHIP...
NOW, IF THAT POWDER MAGAZINE SHOULD GO UP...
HE HURLS AN "ASHCAN" INTO THE FLAMING HOLD!
LIKE THIS!

A BLINDING FLASH··· AND SUPER-CRASH! THE JAP DREADNOUGHT IS RIPPED APART!
WHAM!
WOW! I SHOULD HAVE MOVED A LITTLE SOONER!
FROM THE HEAVILY-LISTING DECK, SUB-MARINER SPOTS A JAP OFFICER GETTING AWAY.
HERE'S HOW I GO ABOUT SWAMPING LIFE-BOATS!
AND THAT EVENS THE SCORE ON THE CUTTER!
SPEEDING BACK TO SHORE···
WITH ALL THESE HINDERANCES OUT OF MY WAY, I CAN GO BACK ASHORE AND DO MY WORK QUIETLY.
IN THE COVE, SUB-MARINER SEES THE JAP U-BOATS PREPARING FOR A QUICK GET-A-WAY.
AREN'T THESE FISH LOVELY? ALL SET TO GO!··· WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD!
QUIETLY, HE CIRCLES THE CAMP, AND COMES UPON STORES.
FIRST DYNAMITE BOMB I EVER MADE··· PRETTY, TOO! HATE TO HIDE IT IN THE NEXT U-BOAT LOAD
DYNAMITE
OIL
RIFLES
ABSORBED IN WATCHING HIS COMRADES AT WORK, A JAP SENTRY NEITHER HEARS SUB-MARINER, NOR SEES HIS CAT-LIKE ACTIONS.
THIS PACKAGE IS FOR YOU, AND YOUR U-BOAT. THE OTHER ONE -IF YOU ONLY KNEW!


LOADED DOWN WITH SUPPLIES, HE SNEAKS OUT OF THE JAP TENTS AND MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE.
AMERICAN GOODS, AND LABELS, TOO! WHERE DID THE JAPS GET THIS FOOD?··· AND OUR BOYS STARVING IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP!
TEARING APART THE PRISON CAMP STOCADE, SUB-MARINER STARTLES THE HAPPILY-SURPRISED AMERICANS!
U.S. CHOW! COME 'N GET IT, BOYS!
D'YA HEAR THAT GANG? FOOD!!!
BOY, CAN WE USE IT!
A REGULAR FEAST IS ON!
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID ABOUT THIS FOOD? IT BELONGS TO US? THAT'S A HOT ONE!
HOW'S THAT?
YES. THIS STUFF CAME FROM OUR CONVOY SHIPS, SUB-MARINER.
THE SAILOR, HELPED BY HIS SHIPMATES, EXPLAINS:
"WE STARTED OUT FROM THE STATES IN A HUGE CONVOY OF MANY SUPPLY SHIPS··· WITH A DESTROYER ESCORT. THEN, WHEN WE WERE MORE THAN HALF-WAY OVER, WE HAD TO RUN INTO A NARROW CHANNEL BETWEEN TWO ISLANDS, AND UNEXPECTEDLY PILED ON ROCKS. JAP SUBS WERE STANDING ALL AROUND AS WE CRASHED. ···· IT WAS AWFUL!"
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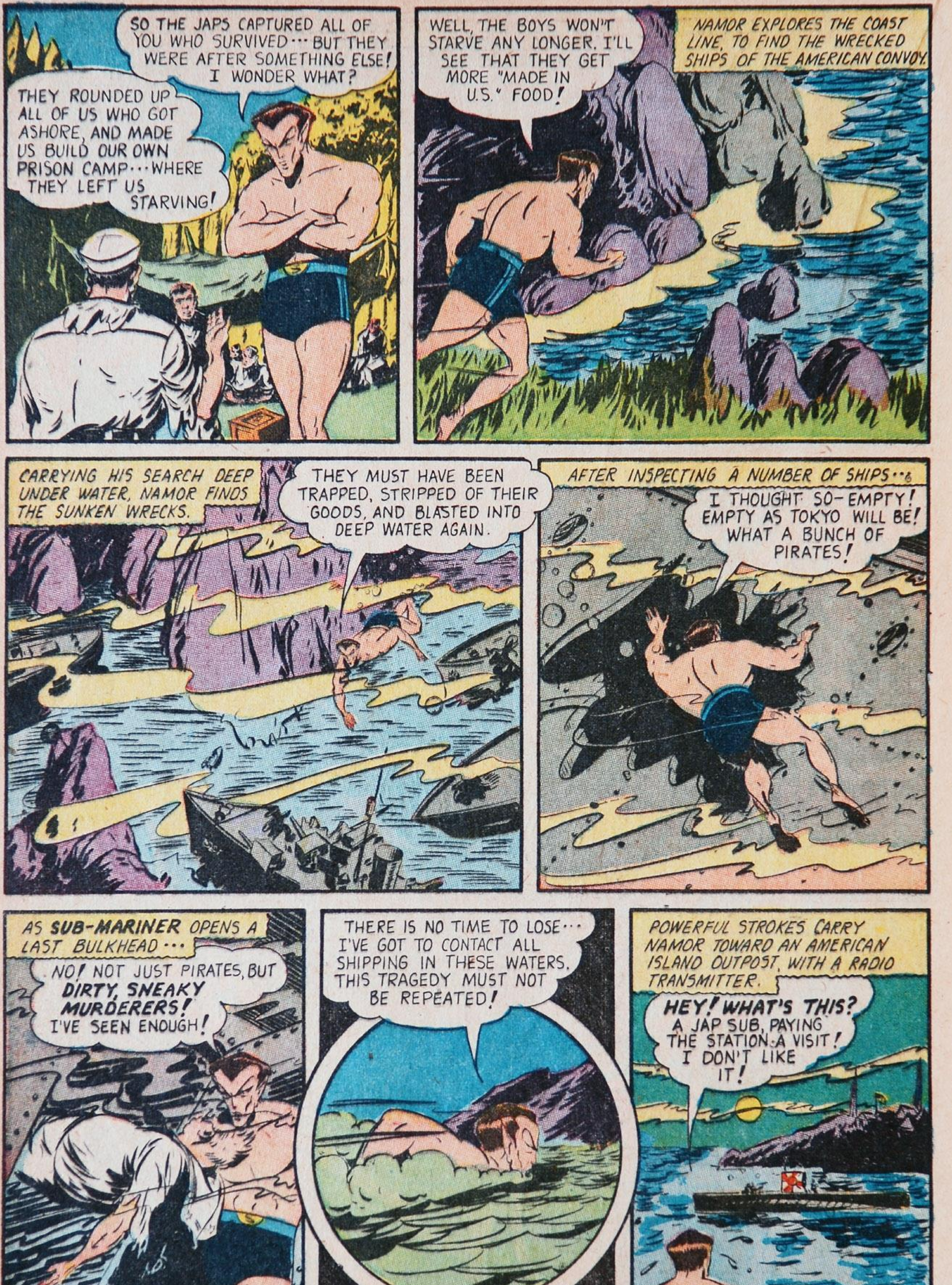
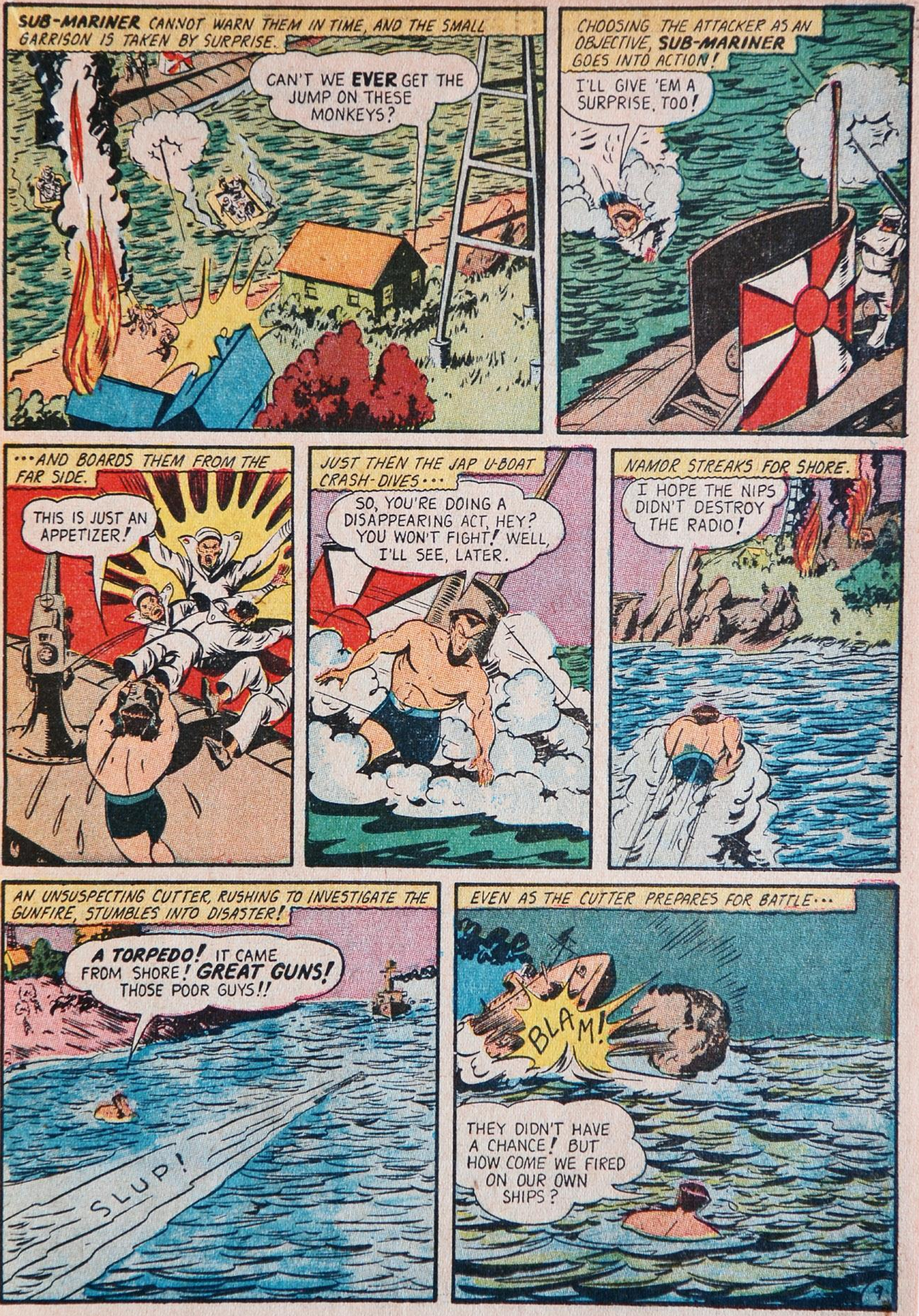
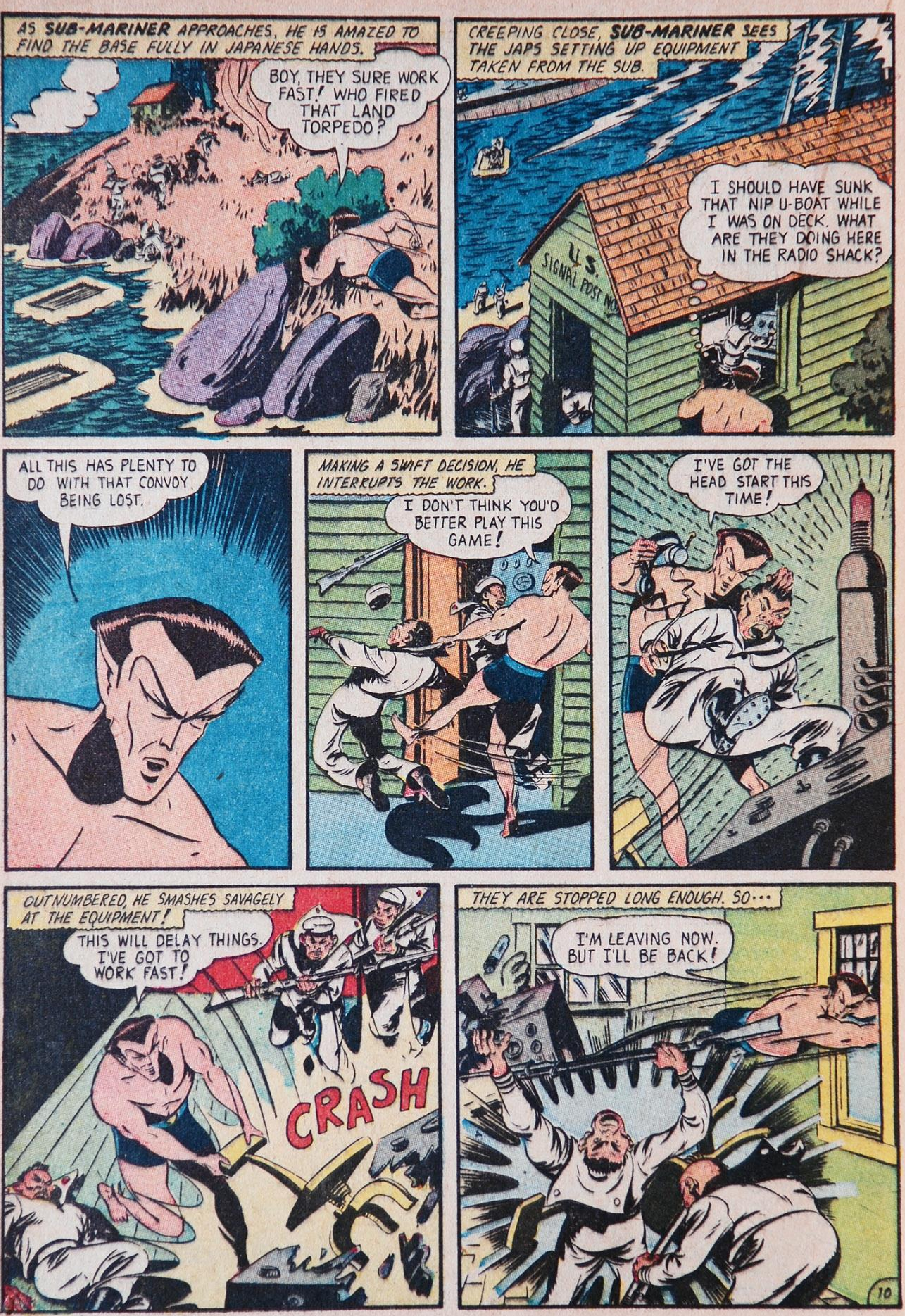
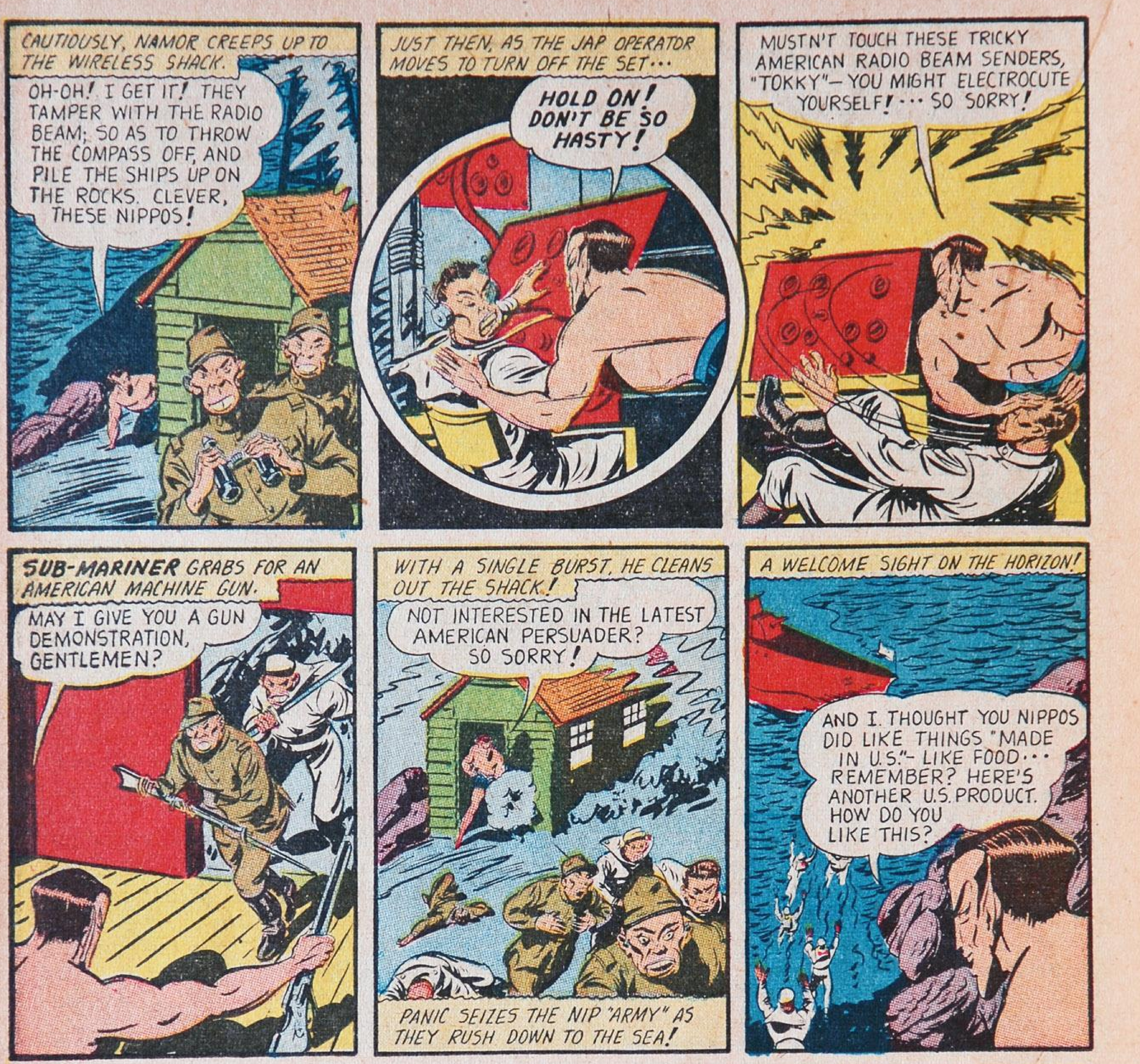
IT WAS A TRAP···AND WE WERE CAUGHT! THEN, THEY BEGAN SHELLING OUR LIFE-BOATS, AND NOBODY HAD A CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK, SUB-MARINER!

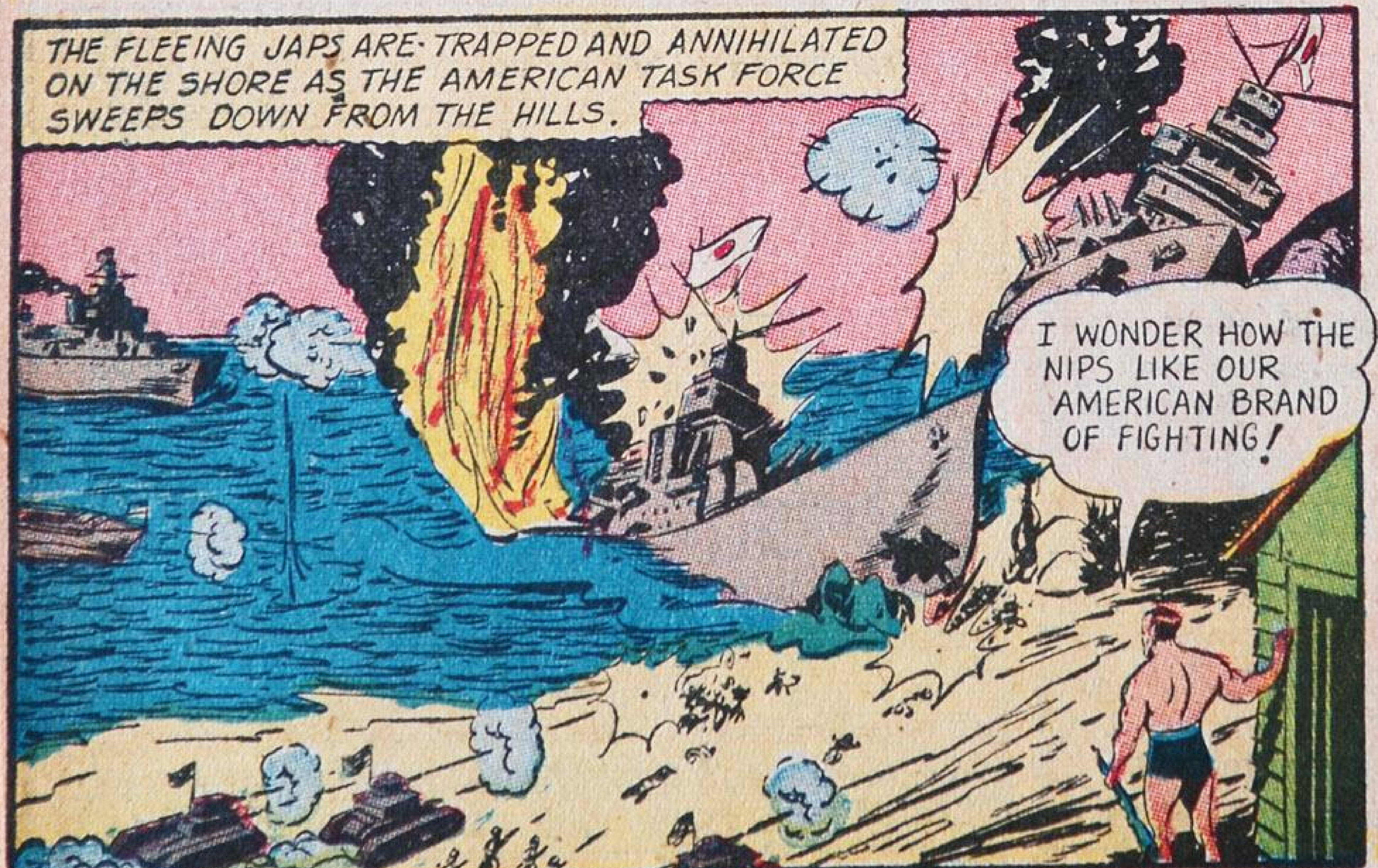

SO THE JAPS CAPTURED ALL OF YOU WHO SURVIVED··· BUT THEY WERE AFTER SOMETHING ELSE! I WONDER WHAT?
THEY ROUNDED UP ALL OF US WHO GOT ASHORE, AND MADE US BUILD OUR OWN PRISON CAMP··· WHERE THEY LEFT US STARVING!
WELL, THE BOYS WON'T STARVE ANY LONGER. I'LL SEE THAT THEY GET MORE "MADE IN U.S." FOOD!
NAMOR EXPLORES THE COAST LINE, TO FIND THE WRECKED SHIPS OF THE AMERICAN CONVOY.
CARRYING HIS SEARCH DEEP UNDER WATER, NAMOR FINDS THE SUNKEN WRECKS.
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TRAPPED, STRIPPED OF THEIR GOODS, AND BLASTED INTO DEEP WATER AGAIN.
AFTER INSPECTING A NUMBER OF SHIPS···
I THOUGHT SO—EMPTY! EMPTY AS TOKYO WILL BE! WHAT A BUNCH OF PIRATES!
AS SUB-MARINER OPENS A LAST BULKHEAD···
NO! NOT JUST PIRATES, BUT DIRTY, SNEAKY MURDERERERS! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!
THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE··· I'VE GOT TO CONTACT ALL SHIPPING IN THESE WATERS. THIS TRAGEDY MUST NOT BE REPEATED!
POWERFUL STROKES CARRY NAMOR TOWARD AN AMERICAN ISLAND OUTPOST, WITH A RADIO TRANSMITTER.
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? A JAP SUB, PAYING THE STATION A VISIT! I DON'T LIKE IT!


SUB-MARINER CANNOT WARN THEM IN TIME, AND THE SMALL GARRISON IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.
CAN'T WE EVER GET THE JUMP ON THESE MONKEYS?
CHOOSING THE ATTACKER AS AN OBJECTIVE, SUB-MARINER GOES INTO ACTION!
I'LL GIVE 'EM A SURPRISE, TOO!
...AND BOARDS THEM FROM THE FAR SIDE.
THIS IS JUST AN APPETIZER!
JUST THEN THE JAP U-BOAT CRASH-DIVES...
SO, YOU'RE DOING A DISAPPEARING ACT, HEY? YOU WON'T FIGHT! WELL, I'LL SEE, LATER.
NAMOR STREAKS FOR SHORE.
I HOPE THE NIPS DIDN'T DESTROY THE RADIO!
AN UNSUSPECTING CUTTER, RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE THE GUNFIRE, STUMBLES INTO DISASTER!
A TORPEDO! IT CAME FROM SHORE! GREAT GUNS! THOSE POOR GUYS!!
SLUP!
EVEN AS THE CUTTER PREPARES FOR BATTLE...
BLAM!
THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! BUT HOW COME WE FIRED ON OUR OWN SHIPS?


AS SUB-MARINER APPROACHES, HE IS AMAZED TO FIND THE BASE FULLY IN JAPANESE HANDS.
BOY, THEY SURE WORK FAST! WHO FIRED THAT LAND TORPEDO?
CREEPING CLOSE, SUB-MARINER SEES THE JAPS SETTING UP EQUIPMENT TAKEN FROM THE SUB.
I SHOULD HAVE SUNK THAT NIP U-BOAT WHILE I WAS ON DECK. WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE IN THE RADIO SHACK?
U.S. SIGNAL POST NO
ALL THIS HAS PLENTY TO DO WITH THAT CONVOY BEING LOST.
MAKING A SWIFT DECISION, HE INTERRUPTS THE WORK.
I DON'T THINK YOU'D BETTER PLAY THIS GAME!
I'VE GOT THE HEAD START THIS TIME!
OUTNUMBERED, HE SMASHES SAVAGELY AT THE EQUIPMENT!
THIS WILL DELAY THINGS. I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
CRASH
THEY ARE STOPPED LONG ENOUGH. SO...
I'M LEAVING NOW. BUT I'LL BE BACK!

NAMOR SCOUTS FOR THE U.S. CONVOY THE JAPS WERE WAITING FOR.
WE SEEM TO BE OFF OUR COURSE, SIR.
GUESS I'M NOT TOO LATE, FOR ONCE.
THE FLOTILLA COMMANDER TELLS NAMOR SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE SHIP'S NAVIGATION.
NEVER MIND THE COMPASS, CAPTAIN, I'LL STEER YOU RIGHT.
WE'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE, NAMOR, BUT··· WHERE ARE WE GOING?
YOU WERE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ROCKS. NOW··· FOLLOW ME!
FARTHER UP THE COAST, THE CONVOY ANCHORS, AND SUB-MARINER GOES ABOARD.
SAY, SUB-MARINER, WE'VE GOT A BOATLOAD OF SOLDIERS— ITCHING FOR A FIGHT.
LAND THEM! THEY'LL GET PLENTY OF ACTION, COMMANDER, RIGHT HERE!
IN FAST, PRECISION STYLE, AMPHIBIAN TANKS AND LANDING BARGES ARE OVER THE SIDE, AND AWAY.
NOW WE TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!
AS OUR TASK FORCE LANDS···
OUR LOOKOUT REPORTS A JAP FLOTILLA OF LARGE SIZE STEAMING IN THIS DIRECTION.
SWELL! LET 'EM COME!
TRYING A BIT OF HIS OWN STRENGTH, SUB-MARINER HEADS FOR THE RADIO OUTPOST, WHICH APPEARS DESERTED.
DOWN THE COAST—WHERE THE TRAP IS! I WONDER ABOUT THESE POSSUMS' PLANS AND PATIENCE···


CAUTIOUSLY, NAMOR CREEPS UP TO THE WIRELESS SHACK.
OH-OH! I GET IT! THEY TAMPER WITH THE RADIO BEAM; SO AS TO THROW THE COMPASS OFF, AND PILE THE SHIPS UP ON THE ROCKS. CLEVER, THESE NIPPOS!
JUST THEN, AS THE JAP OPERATOR MOVES TO TURN OFF THE SET···
HOLD ON! DON'T BE SO HASTY!
MUSTN'T TOUCH THESE TRICKY AMERICAN RADIO BEAM SENDERS, "TOKKY"— YOU MIGHT ELECTROCUTE YOURSELF! ··· SO SORRY!
SUB-MARINER GRABS FOR AN AMERICAN MACHINE GUN.
MAY I GIVE YOU A GUN DEMONSTRATION, GENTLEMEN?
WITH A SINGLE BURST, HE CLEANS OUT THE SHACK!
NOT INTERESTED IN THE LATEST AMERICAN PERSUADER? SO SORRY!
PANIC SEIZES THE NIP "ARMY" AS THEY RUSH DOWN TO THE SEA!
A WELCOME SIGHT ON THE HORIZON!
AND I THOUGHT YOU NIPPOS DID LIKE THINGS "MADE IN U.S."- LIKE FOOD··· REMEMBER? HERE'S ANOTHER U.S. PRODUCT. HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?


THE FLEEING JAPS ARE TRAPPED AND ANNIHILATED ON THE SHORE AS THE AMERICAN TASK FORCE SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE HILLS.
I WONDER HOW THE NIPS LIKE OUR AMERICAN BRAND OF FIGHTING!

HOIST THE NAVY BATTLE FLAG!

Chalk up Another Victory

FOR

Sub-Mariner!

THE ONE AND ONLY E (MEANING "EXCELLENT") IN THE COMIC LINE-UP. EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

THE SUCKER

By CIFO UTHBERT

“YIP-EEEEEE!” the young cowboy shouted as he entered the large lobby of Mid-City Hotel. He waved his suitcase in the air, then tap danced, in high-heeled boots, on the heavy carpet flooring as he whistled the first two lines of, “Sweet Rosie O'Grady.”

The clerk behind the desk was startled. The hotel manager looked on with indignation, and the bell boy was amused.

But all three smiled pleasantly when the cowboy, who looked to be hardly more than a boy, took a fat roll of money from his pocket, and said, “I want a room, one that's got a bath tub in it with runnin' hot water.”

“Yes, sir,” the clerk said, turning the register book and holding forth a pen, “sign here, please.”

“Luke Yocum, Shotgun, Wyoming!” the cowboy said as he scribbled across the page.

The bell boy eagerly picked up the suitcase that Luke had flopped on the floor. He took the key from the clerk and said, “This way, please.”

“Four,” the bell boy told the elevator operator.

Luke smiled at the bell boy, “What can a feller do for excitement in a big city?” he asked.

The boy's eyes sparkled, “There's lots of ways to enjoy yourself,” he said.

They got off the elevator at the fourth floor and the bell boy led Luke to his room.

“You wouldn't like to try your hand at a game, would you, Mister,” the boy asked, “—for big stakes?”

“Lead me to it!” Luke cried, “I'm the rootin' tootin'est poker player in all Wyoming!”

“I'll let you know later if there is going to be a game upstairs this afternoon.”

Luke peeled a five dollar bill off his roll, crumbled it in his hand and shot it like a spit ball to the bell boy.

The boy grabbed it out of the air, saluted Luke, then hastened from the room. He rushed to the stairway and ran up the steps to the fifth floor. He was gasping for breath as he gave the door of room 511 three sharp raps.

Mike Brady opened the door. Brady was tall, and his well tailored clothing would have given him the appearance of a gentleman, if it weren't for the knife scar across his left cheek, and the hard, cruel lines about his mouth.

“I've got a *sucker* for you,” the bell boy said excitedly, “he's got a bankroll that will make your eyes pop out, and he's itching to get rid of some of it.”

“What's he look like?”

“Just a cowboy from Wyoming, name's Luke Yocum.”

Brady rubbed his hands together greedily, “Bring him up at about three o'clock,” he said, “I'll have a couple of the boys here with me then.”

It was a few minutes after three, when the bell boy ushered Luke into the presence of Mike Brady and his two friends, then left.

Brady was pleased at the sight of Luke. He introduced the other two men as Joe and Alex, then said, “I'll take your hat.”

“No thanks,” Luke told him, “I always wear it when I play poker—it brings me luck.”

Luke appeared eager to get the game started. But he didn't fail to notice the bulges about the left shoulders of the three men.

Luke placed his wad of money on the table as the men chose their seats. The men exchanged lustful glances.

“We play with chips,” Brady told him, “you pay off — er — I mean the losers pay off after the game is finished.”

Alex dealt the cards first. Luke watched his deft fingers shuffle the cards and then flip them around the table.

Luke won the first and the third hands.

“You're a pretty lucky guy,” Joe said.

Luke only smiled as he picked up the first card that Brady tossed to him. Crooked card sharks were like that. They'd let you win a few hands to give you confidence, and to make you think that the game was being played fair . . . he saw Brady deal himself an ace from the bottom of the deck . . . he looked at the handle of Brady's gun sticking out from behind the lapel of his coat. He clamped his lips shut.

Luke became a consistent loser. Brady usually won with aces, Joe with Kings, and Alex with Queens. All three were experts in handling the marked deck of cards—and in extracting and replacing cards from and to their coat sleeves.

Stack after stack of chips vanished from in front of Luke. “Five hundred dollars gone already,” he told himself.

“You're losin' your luck, feller,” Joe smiled.

Luck! Luke winced at the word.

This was plain robbery!

Luke pushed back his chair and stood up. “Count me out for a hand or two,” he said, “maybe I'll get lucky when I start again.” He walked to the window, and fanned himself with his big Stetson hat.

“This guy is easy pickin's,” They smiled and pretended to be interested in the game while they waited for Luke to return.

When Luke sat down at the table again, he picked up the cards and said, “Let me deal them—for luck. We'll make this hand a big one.”

He shuffled the cards clumsily and dealt them. The men began to raise each other. The center of the table became a mass of chips.

Breathlessly, Luke slid his hands toward his boot top. He reached his fingers inside and pulled out some cards. He switched them quickly for the ones that he had dealt himself.

Brady smiled as the hands were called. "Four aces," he said reaching for the chips.

"Wait!" Luke exclaimed, spreading five aces on the table.

Brady jumped to his feet, "There ain't no nine aces in a deck of cards," he snapped, "you cheated!"

"I only did what you fellers have been doin'," Luke pleaded.

Brady nodded his head at his companions, "This guy is wise to us," he said, "you know what we've got to do with him."

"Yeah," Alex answered, "we'll let the cops fish him out of the river like we did with the other two guys that squawked."

Suddenly, Luke upset the table scattering the men on the floor. He picked up a chair and flung it as Brady brought his gun from the holster. The chair thudded against Brady's chest, he flattened on the floor releasing his hold on the gun.

Alex lumbered to his feet and stuck his gun into Luke's back. "Get up," he exclaimed, "or I'll blow you apart!"

Luke twisted suddenly and grabbed at Alex's wrist. Alex pulled away, then brought the gun barrel down onto the side of Luke's head.

"All right, tough guy, get up and get moving," Alex told Luke. Luke was wabbly as he got to his feet.

They took him down the freight elevator at the back of the hotel, and out into a small street, then they shoved him into an automobile at the curb.

"Where are you taking me to?" Luke demanded as the car leaped forward.

Brady laughed. "They say drowning is an easy death," he said, "we're going to let you find out whether it is or not."

The car raced through heavy traffic, then turned toward the waterfront. It stopped alongside a dingy warehouse that bordered the river. Luke was hustled inside.

"Get the rope and lead weight," Brady told Alex.

Brady waved his gun menacingly, "If I have to use this gun," he snapped, "I'll put a bullet right between your eyes."

Luke dropped his hands. He couldn't argue with a gun. He permitted himself to be tied without a struggle, then Alex took the roll of money from his pocket. Alex started to count the bills, but stopped abruptly.

"Hey," he shouted, "this is a phony roll, there are a couple of good bills on top—and the rest is play money like the kids play with!"

Brady snatched the roll and examined it hastily, "The dirty crook," he said, "pick him up and carry him to the back door, we'll get rid of him and get away from here."

Joe grabbed Luke's shoulders and Alex his feet. Luke shuddered as the floor creaked under their weight.

Suddenly, the front door opened and — Captain Mircher and his Homicide Squad men rushed into the warehouse.

Joe and Alex let Luke drop to the floor and started to reach for their guns.

Brady fired a shot at the detectives—a hat flew off one of their heads. Captain Mircher's gun barked a reply. Brady slumped to the floor a bullet in his chest.

Joe and Alex turned yellow; nervously they raised their hands.

Captain Mircher then rushed to Luke and untied him.

"For a while, Captain," Luke said, "I thought that you hadn't seen my signal at the window of the hotel — and that my goose was cooked."

"I couldn't miss seeing that big hat," Captain Mircher smiled, "we followed you here, like we planned, but waited to let this gang play their hand."

Alex stared at Luke, "Ain't this guy a cowboy?" he asked.

"Cowboy! I should say not. He's the police rookie that figured you guys murdered the two men we got out of the river—and he just proved it." Captain Mircher placed his hand on Luke's shoulder, "From now on," he said, "you're a full fledged member of the Homicide Squad."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of All Winners Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1 1942.

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the All Winners Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 33 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor Stan Lee, 330 W. 42nd N.Y., N.Y., Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y

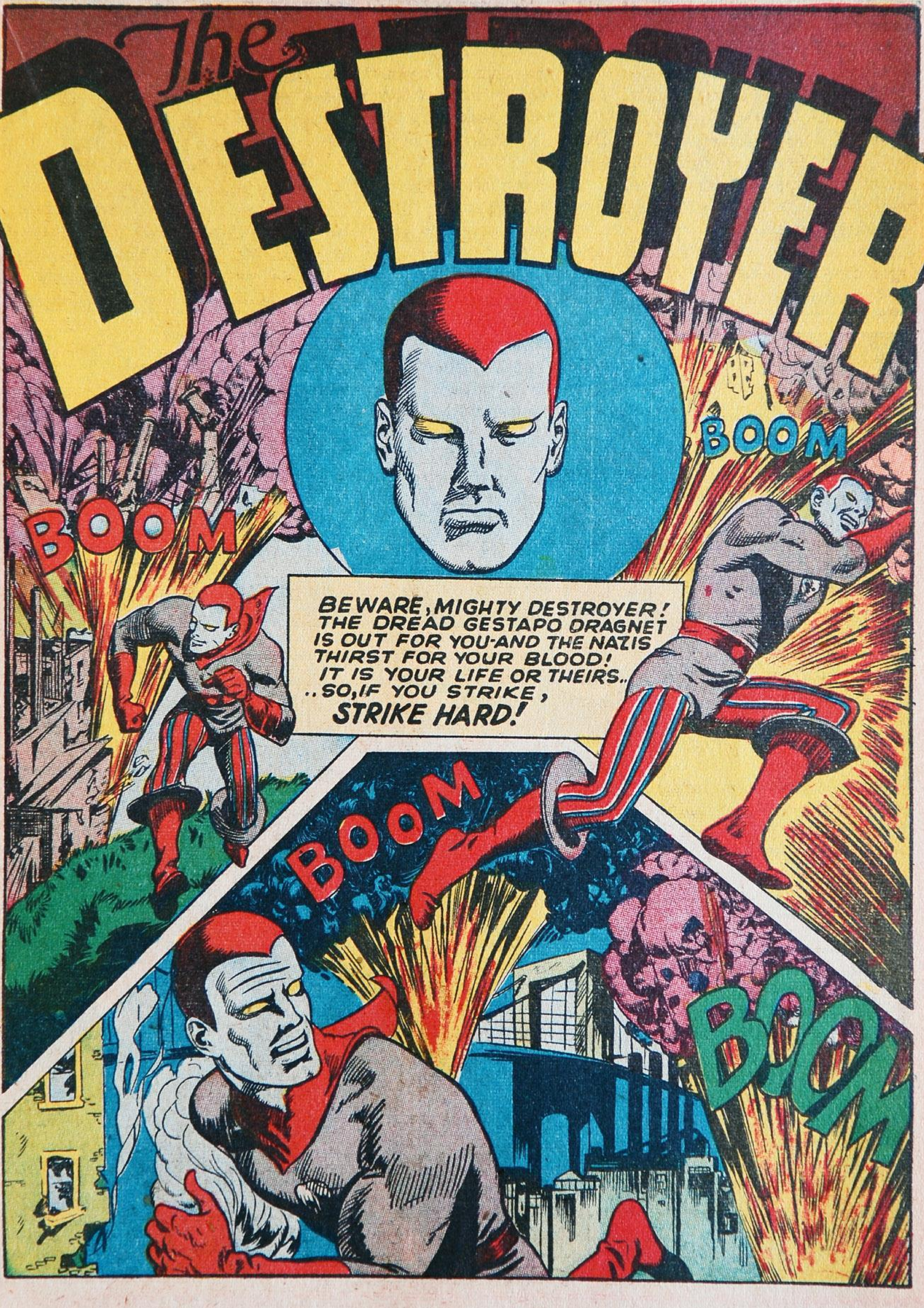
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

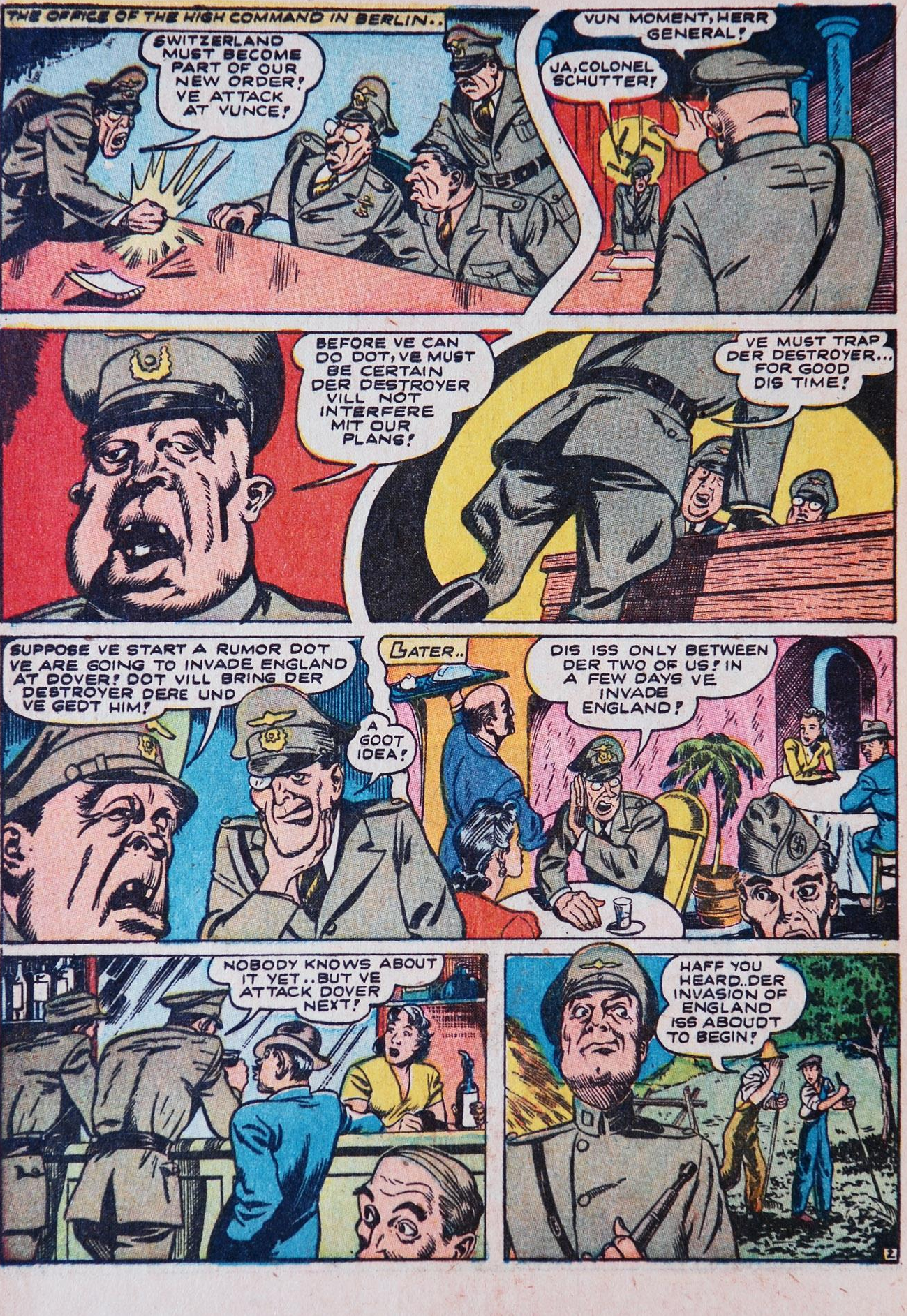
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

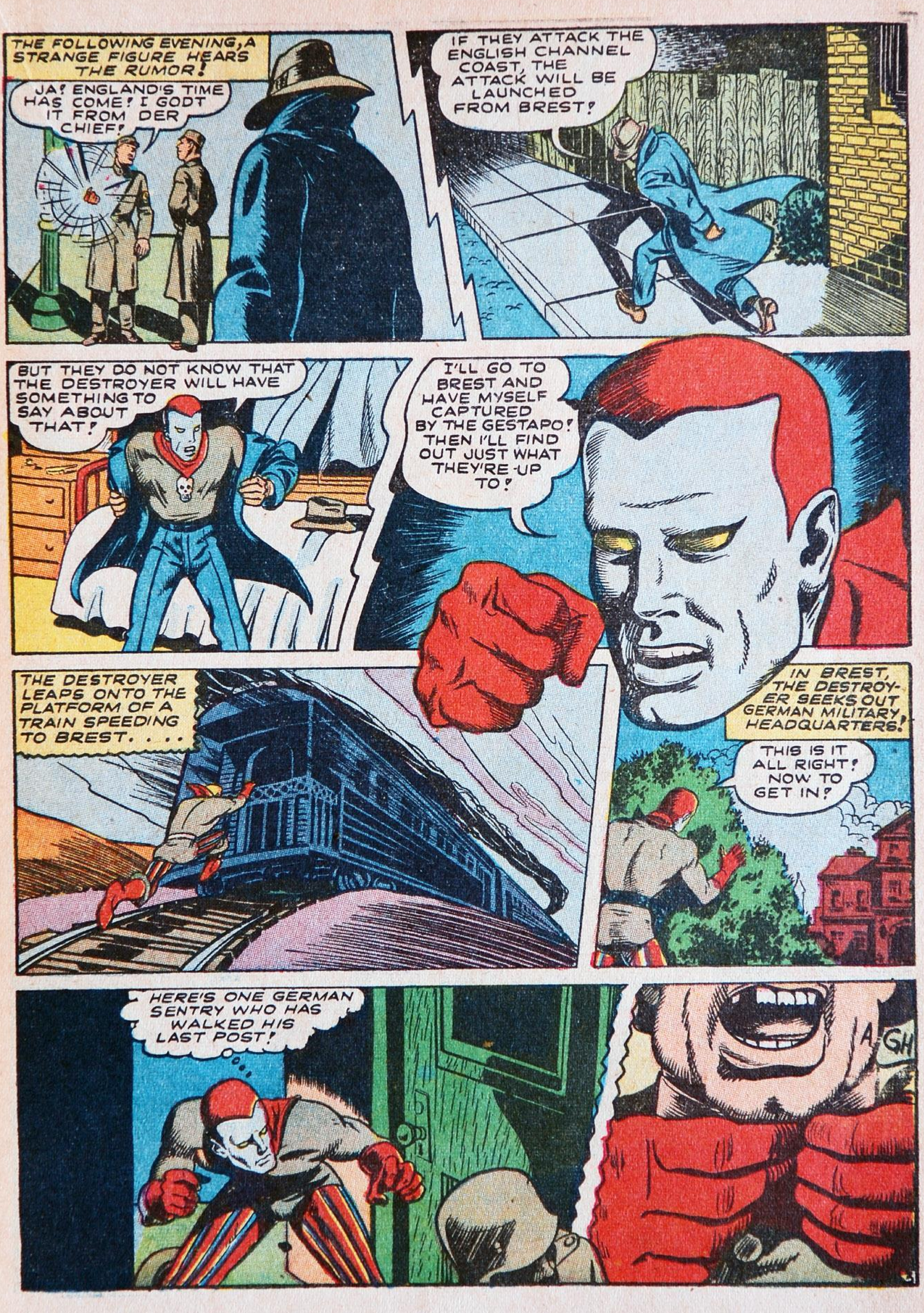
(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

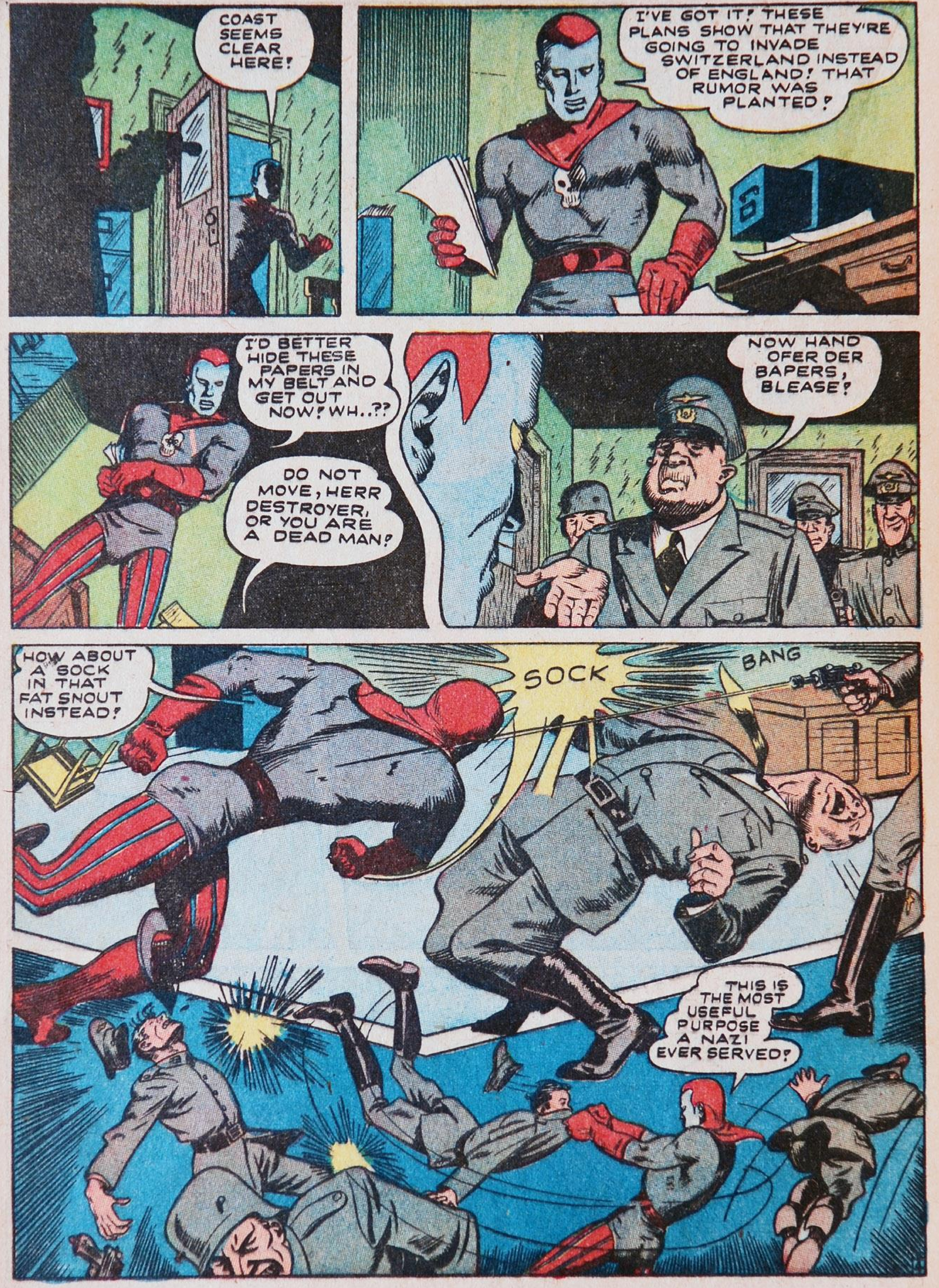
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1942.

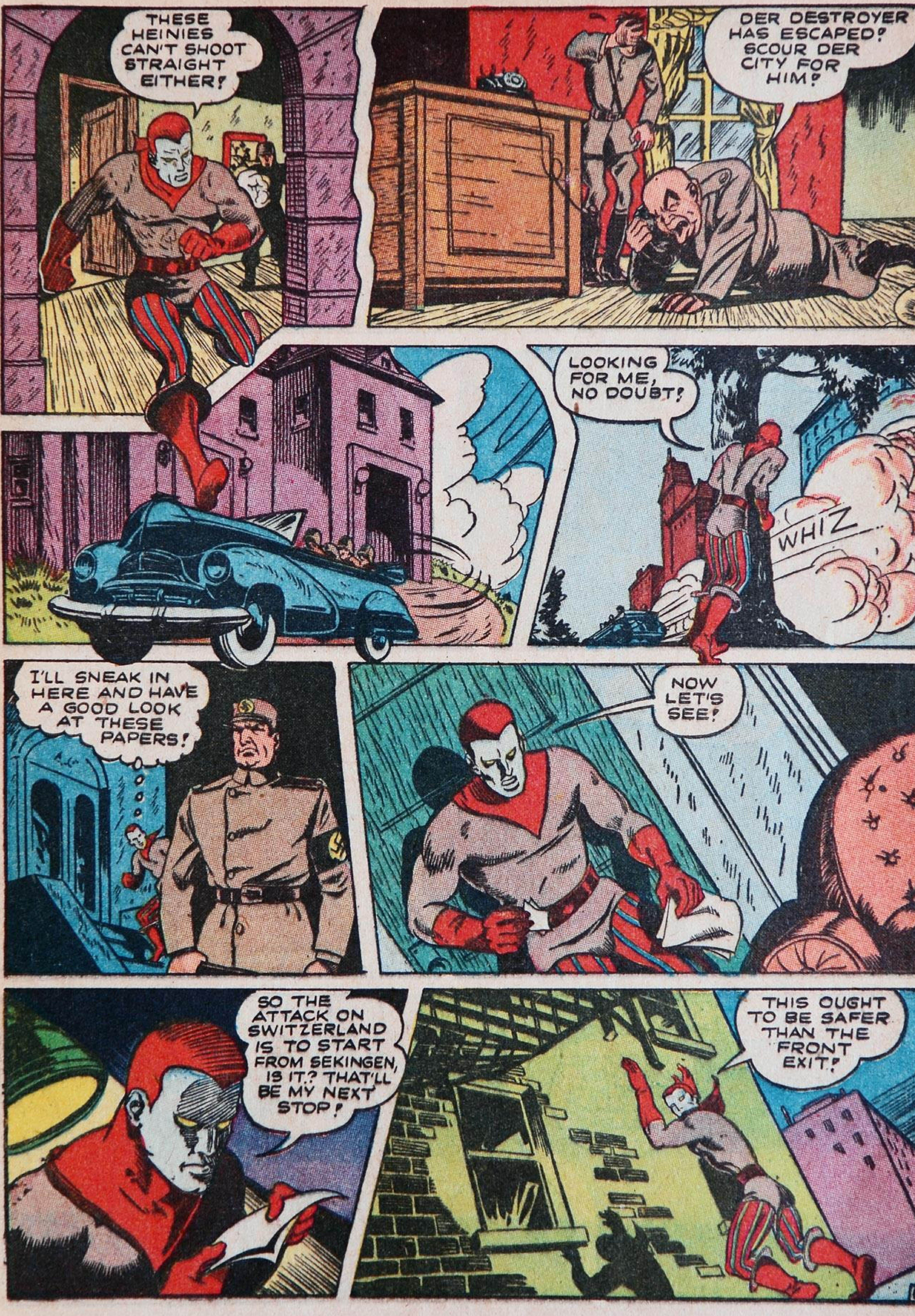
(SEAL) REGINA N. GERBER.
(My commission expires, March 30, 1944.)

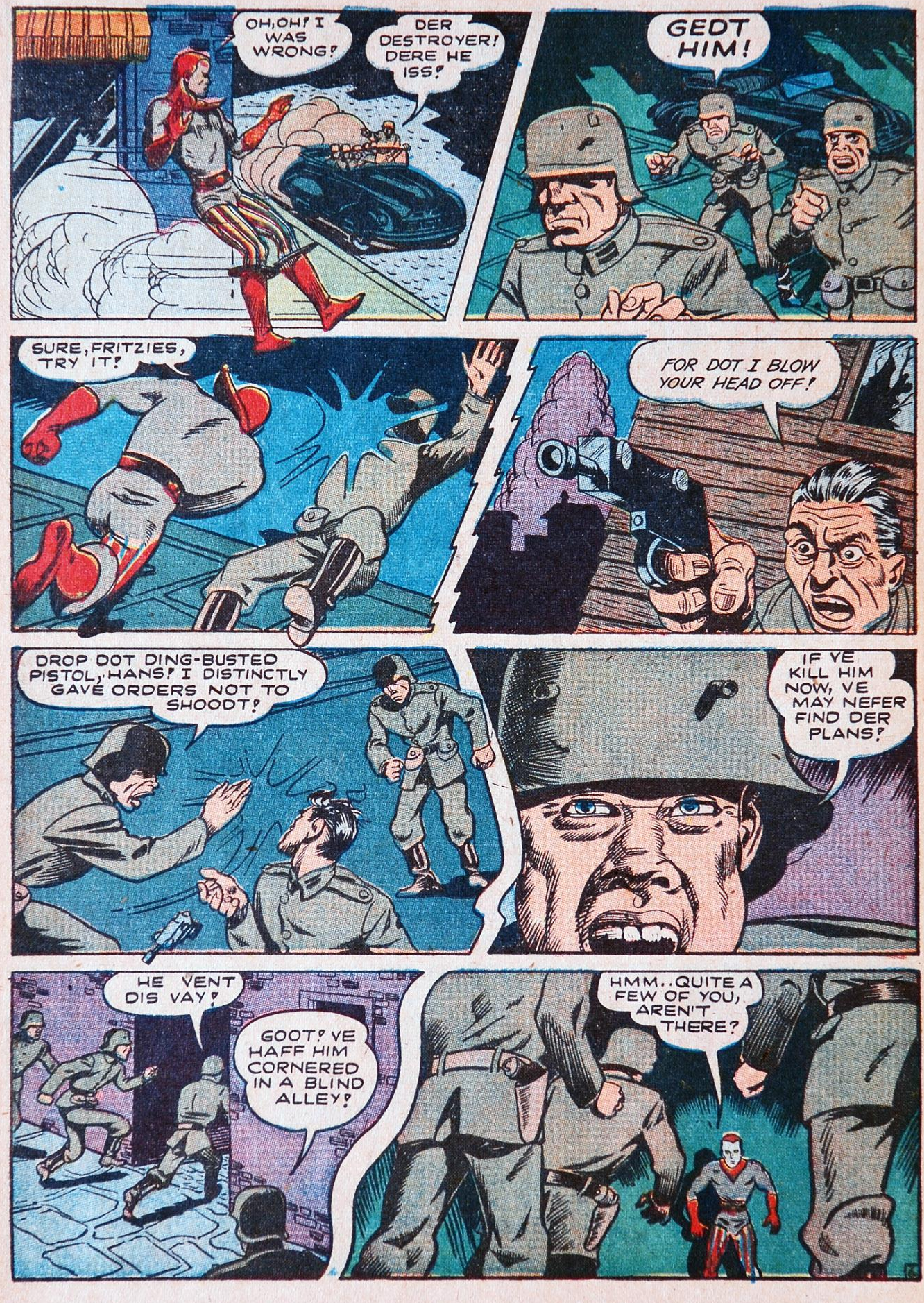

The DESTROYER
BOOM
BOOM
BEWARE, MIGHTY DESTROYER! THE DREAD GESTAPO DRAGNET IS OUT FOR YOU-AND THE NAZIS THIRST FOR YOUR BLOOD! IT IS YOUR LIFE OR THEIRS.. ..SO, IF YOU STRIKE, STRIKE HARD!
BOOM
BOOM

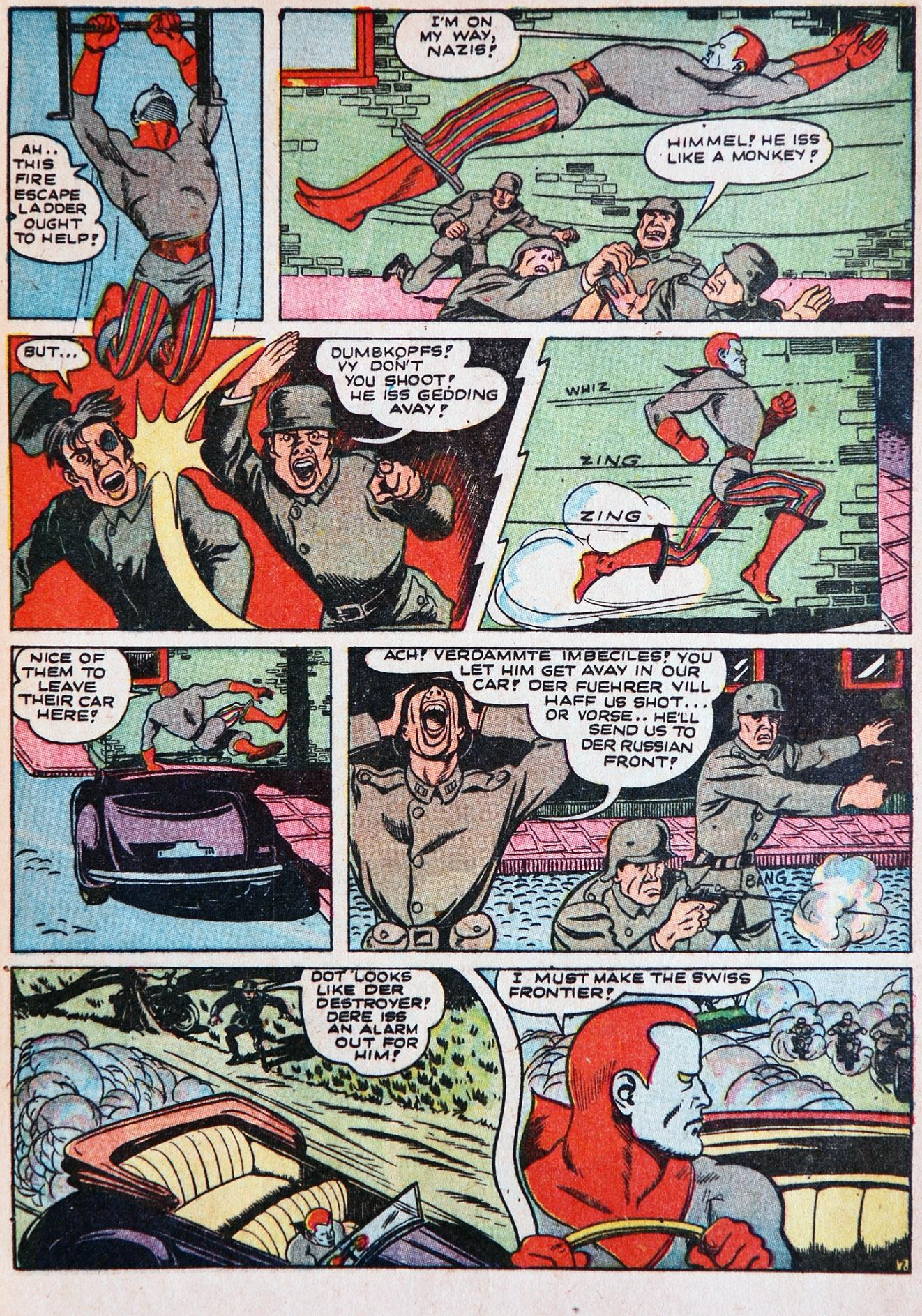

THE OFFICE OF THE HIGH COMMAND IN BERLIN..
SWITZERLAND MUST BECOME PART OF OUR NEW ORDER! VE ATTACK AT VUNCE!
VUN MOMENT, HERR GENERAL!
JA, COLONEL SCHUTTER!
BEFORE VE CAN DO DOT, VE MUST BE CERTAIN DER DESTROYER VILL NOT INTERFERE MIT OUR PLANS!
VE MUST TRAP DER DESTROYER... FOR GOOD DIS TIME!
SUPPOSE VE START A RUMOR DOT VE ARE GOING TO INVADE ENGLAND AT DOVER! DOT VILL BRING DER DESTROYER DERE UND VE GEDT HIM!
A GOOT IDEA!
LATER..
DIS ISS ONLY BETWEEN DER TWO OF US! IN A FEW DAYS VE INVADE ENGLAND!
NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT YET..BUT VE ATTACK DOVER NEXT!
HAFF YOU HEARD..DER INVASION OF ENGLAND ISS ABOUDT TO BEGIN!
2

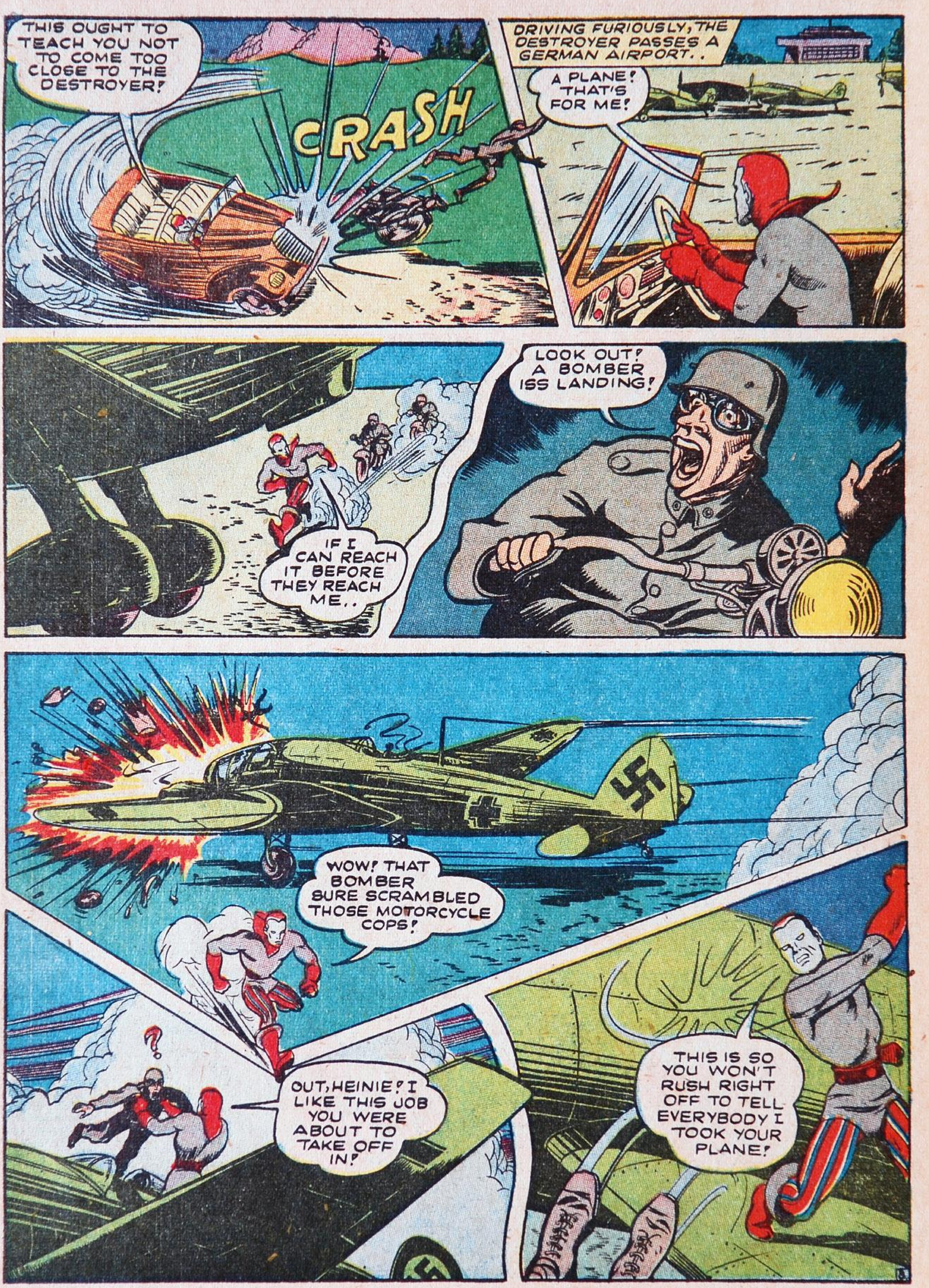

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, A STRANGE FIGURE HEARS THE RUMOR!
JA! ENGLAND'S TIME HAS COME! I GODT IT FROM DER CHIEF!
IF THEY ATTACK THE ENGLISH CHANNEL COAST, THE ATTACK WILL BE LAUNCHED FROM BREST!
BUT THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT THE DESTROYER WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
I'LL GO TO BREST AND HAVE MYSELF CAPTURED BY THE GESTAPO! THEN I'LL FIND OUT JUST WHAT THEY'RE-UP TO!
THE DESTROYER LEAPS ONTO THE PLATFORM OF A TRAIN SPEEDING TO BREST. . . .
IN BREST, THE DESTROYER SEEKS OUT GERMAN MILITARY HEADQUARTERS!
THIS IS IT ALL RIGHT! NOW TO GET IN!
HERE'S ONE GERMAN SENTRY WHO HAS WALKED HIS LAST POST!
AGH

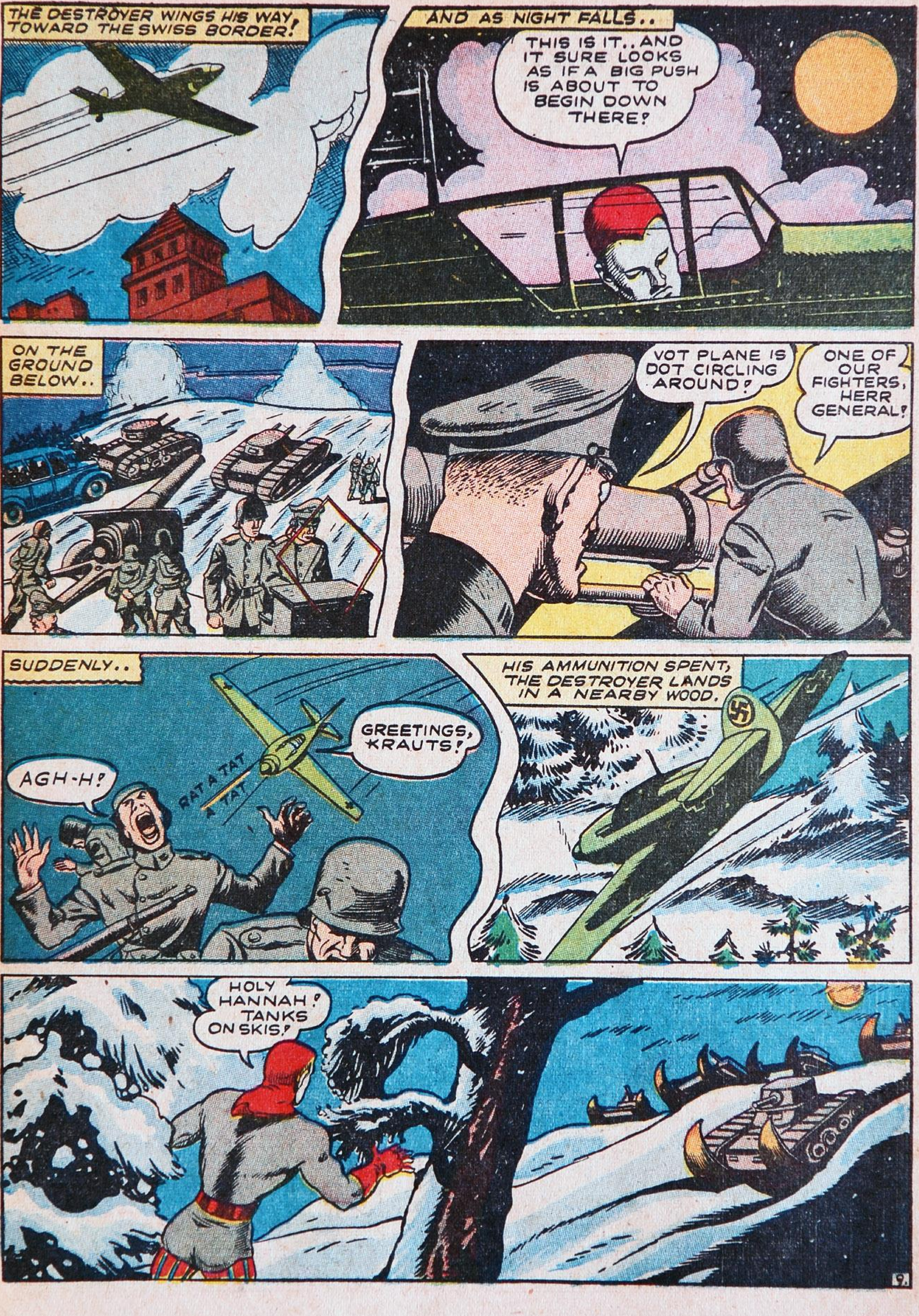

COAST SEEMS CLEAR HERE!
I'VE GOT IT! THESE PLANS SHOW THAT THEY'RE GOING TO INVADE SWITZERLAND INSTEAD OF ENGLAND! THAT RUMOR WAS PLANTED!
I'D BETTER HIDE THESE PAPERS IN MY BELT AND GET OUT NOW! WH..??
NOW HAND OFER DER BAPERS, BLEASE!
DO NOT MOVE, HERR DESTROYER, OR YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!
HOW ABOUT A SOCK IN THAT FAT SNOUT INSTEAD!
SOCK
BANG
THIS IS THE MOST USEFUL PURPOSE A NAZI EVER SERVED!

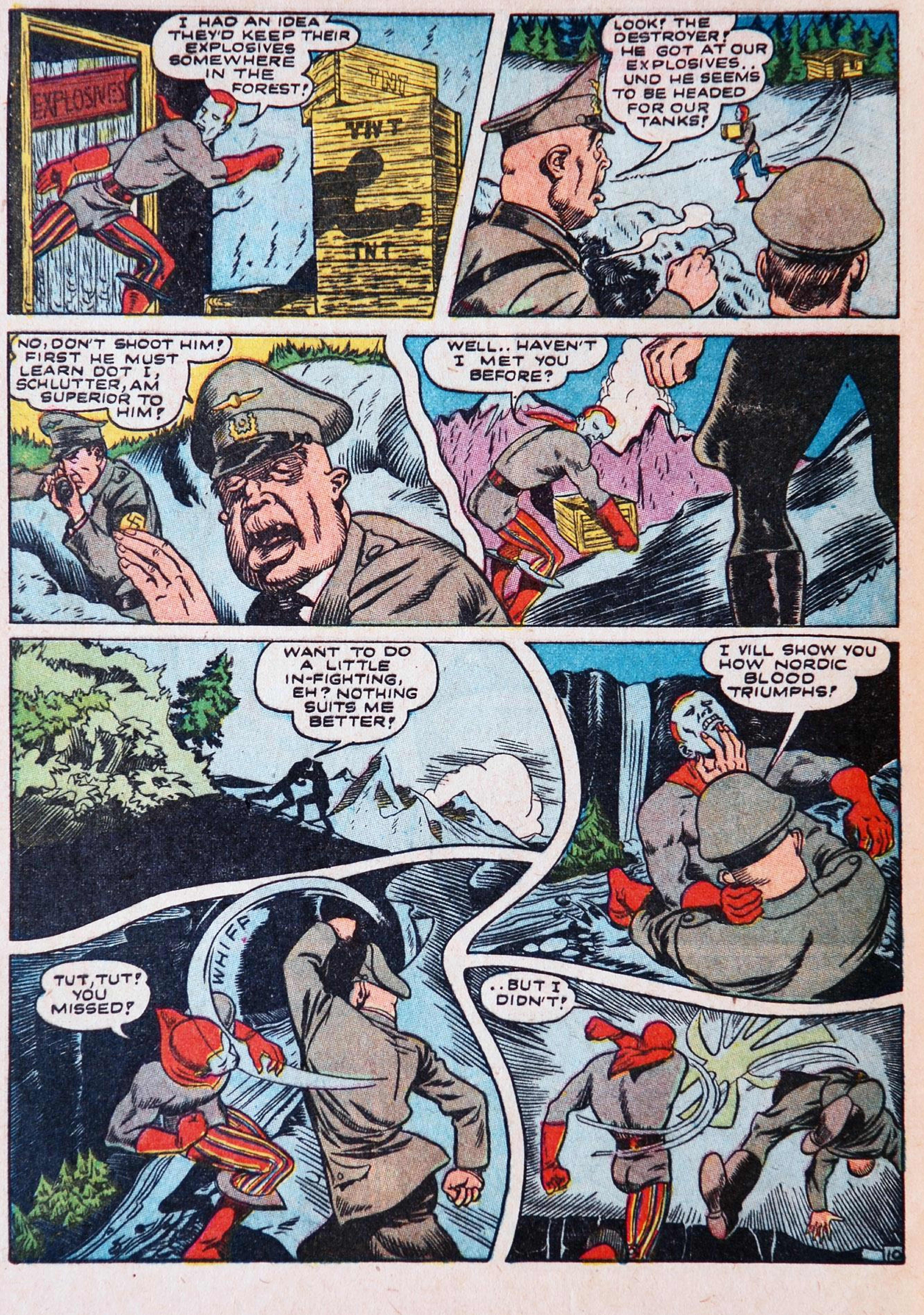

THESE HEINIES CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT EITHER!
DER DESTROYER HAS ESCAPED! SCOUR DER CITY FOR HIM!
LOOKING FOR ME, NO DOUBT!
WHIZ
I'LL SNEAK IN HERE AND HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT THESE PAPERS!
NOW LET'S SEE!
SO THE ATTACK ON SWITZERLAND IS TO START FROM SEKINGEN, IS IT? THAT'LL BE MY NEXT STOP!
THIS OUGHT TO BE SAFER THAN THE FRONT EXIT!

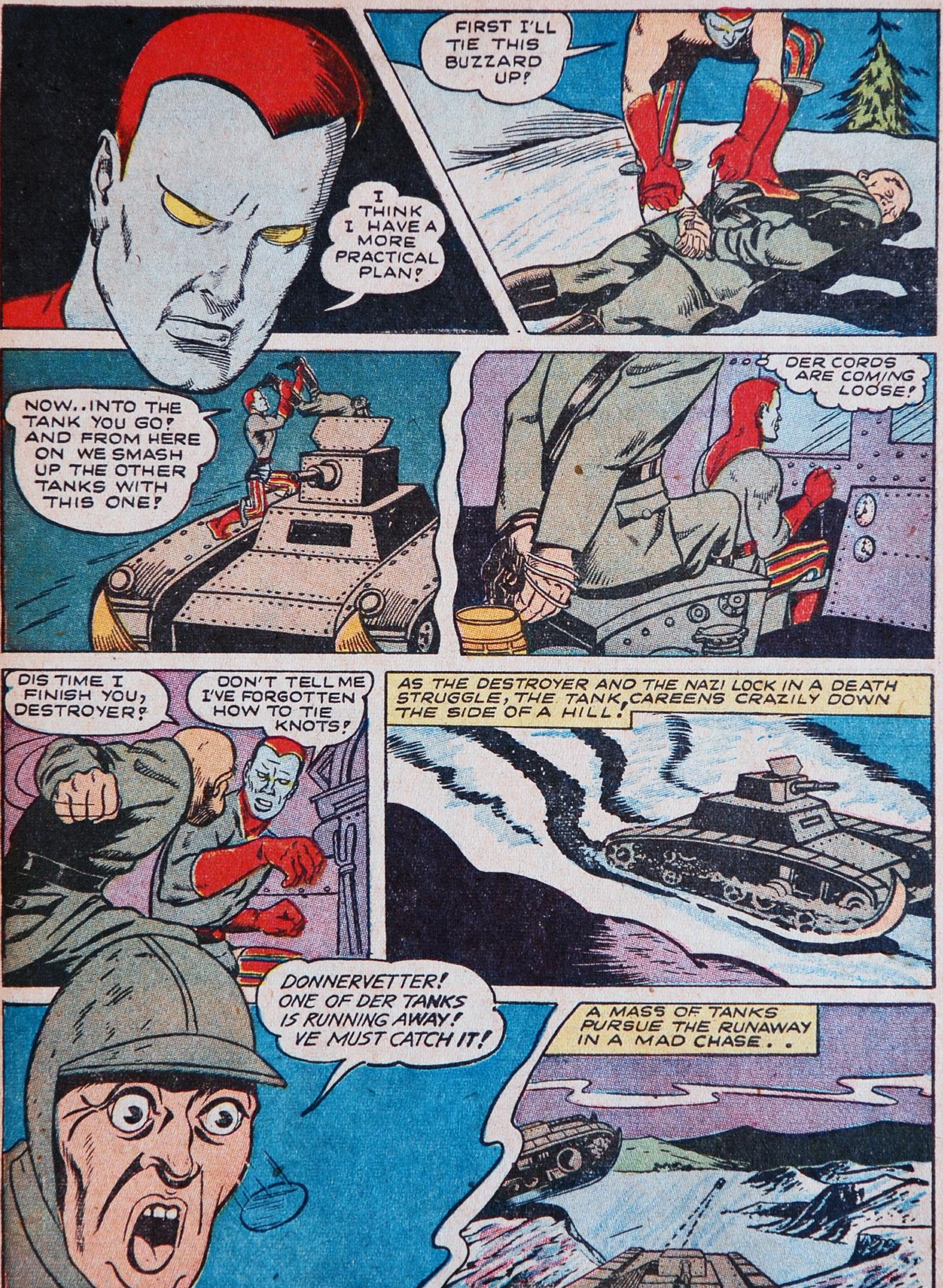

OH, OH! I WAS WRONG!
DER DESTROYER! DERE HE ISS!
GEDT HIM!
SURE, FRITZIES, TRY IT!
FOR DOT I BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!
DROP DOT DING-BUSTED PISTOL, HANS! I DISTINCTLY GAVE ORDERS NOT TO SHOODT!
IF VE KILL HIM NOW, VE MAY NEFER FIND DER PLANS!
HE VENT DIS VAY!
GOOT! VE HAFF HIM CORNERED IN A BLIND ALLEY!
HMM.. QUITE A FEW OF YOU, AREN'T THERE?

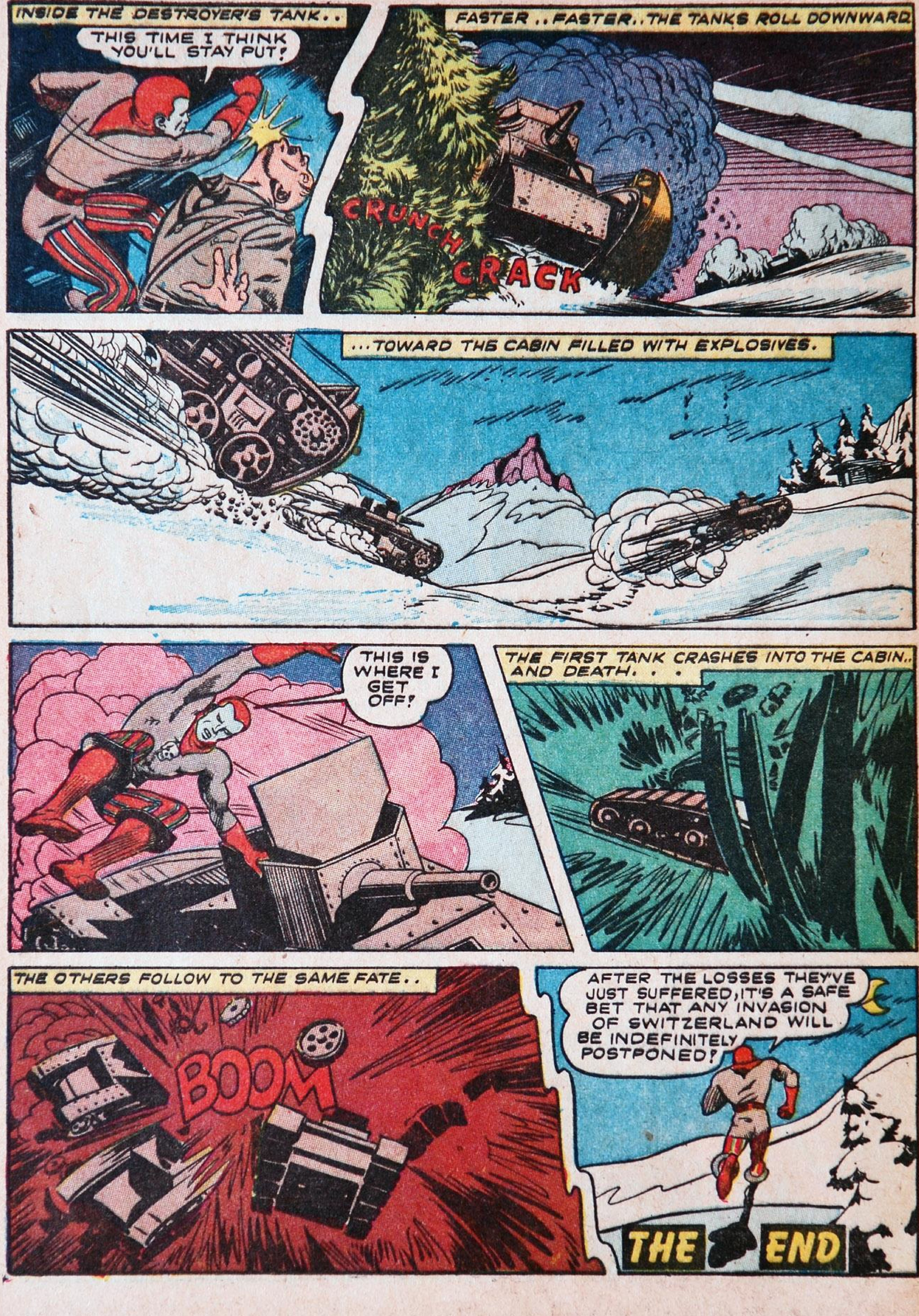

AH.. THIS FIRE ESCAPE LADDER OUGHT TO HELP!
I'M ON MY WAY, NAZIS!
HIMMEL! HE ISS LIKE A MONKEY!
BUT...
DUMBKOPFS! VY DON'T YOU SHOOT! HE ISS GEDDING AVAY!
WHIZ
ZING
ZING
NICE OF THEM TO LEAVE THEIR CAR HERE!
ACH! VERDAMMTE IMBECILES! YOU LET HIM GET AVAY IN OUR CAR! DER FUEHRER VILL HAFF US SHOT... OR VORSE.. HE'LL SEND US TO DER RUSSIAN FRONT!
BANG
DOT LOOKS LIKE DER DESTROYER! DERE ISS AN ALARM OUT FOR HIM!
I MUST MAKE THE SWISS FRONTIER!


THIS OUGHT TO TEACH YOU NOT TO COME TOO CLOSE TO THE DESTROYER!
CRASH
DRIVING FURIOUSLY, THE DESTROYER PASSES A GERMAN AIRPORT..
A PLANE! THAT'S FOR ME!
IF I CAN REACH IT BEFORE THEY REACH ME..
LOOK OUT! A BOMBER ISS LANDING!
WOW! THAT BOMBER SURE SCRAMBLED THOSE MOTORCYCLE COPS!
?
OUT, HEINIE! I LIKE THIS JOB YOU WERE ABOUT TO TAKE OFF IN!
THIS IS SO YOU WON'T RUSH RIGHT OFF TO TELL EVERYBODY I TOOK YOUR PLANE!
8

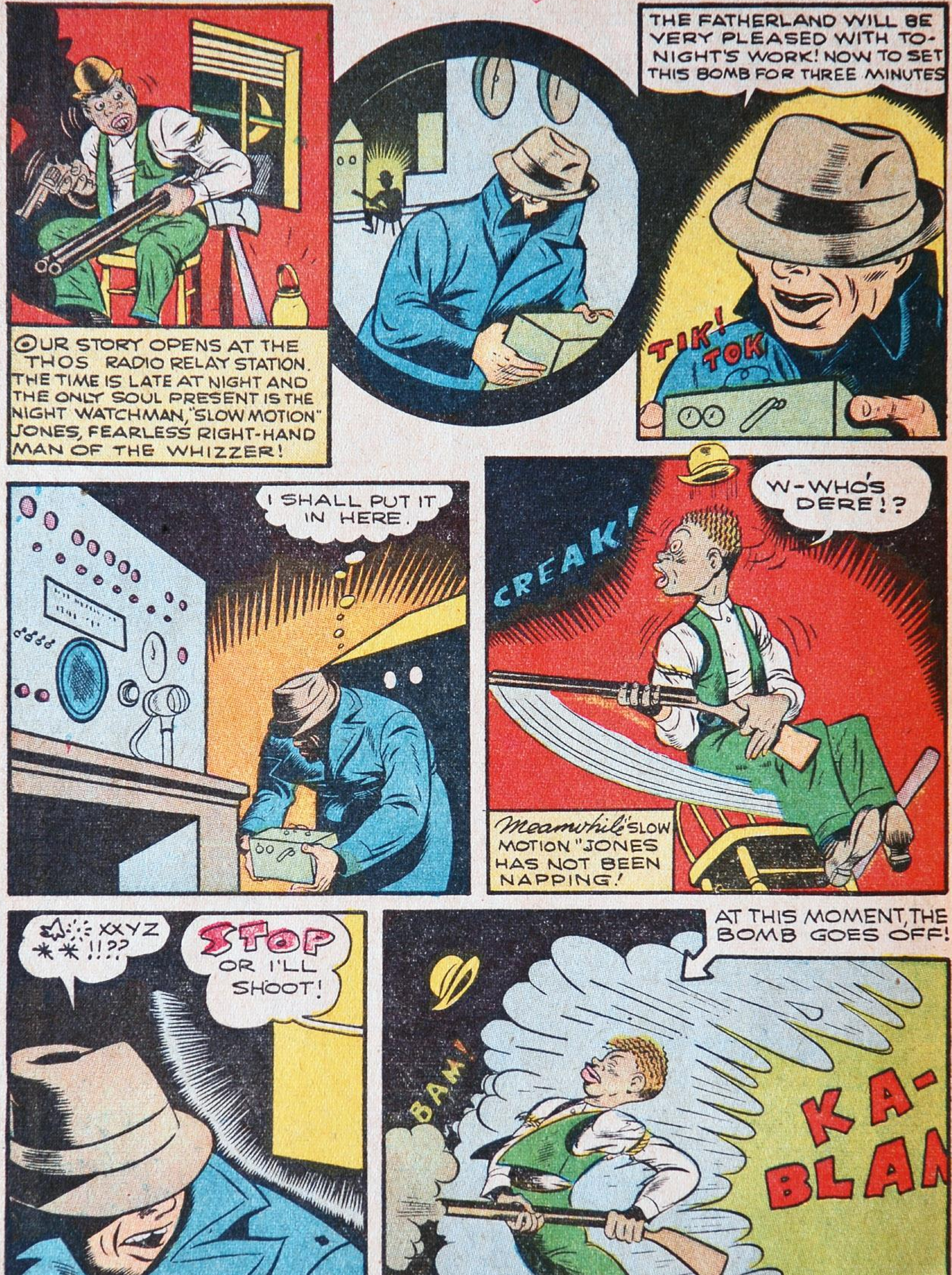

THE DESTROYER WINGS HIS WAY TOWARD THE SWISS BORDER!
AND AS NIGHT FALLS..
THIS IS IT.. AND IT SURE LOOKS AS IF A BIG PUSH IS ABOUT TO BEGIN DOWN THERE?
ON THE GROUND BELOW..
VOT PLANE IS DOT CIRCLING AROUND?
ONE OF OUR FIGHTERS, HERR GENERAL!
SUDDENLY..
GREETINGS, KRAUTS!
AGH-H!
RAT A TAT A TAT
HIS AMMUNITION SPENT, THE DESTROYER LANDS IN A NEARBY WOOD.
HOLY HANNAH! TANKS ON SKIS!


EXPLOSIVES
I HAD AN IDEA THEY'D KEEP THEIR EXPLOSIVES SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST!
TNT
TNT
TNT
LOOK! THE DESTROYER! HE GOT AT OUR EXPLOSIVES.. UND HE SEEMS TO BE HEADED FOR OUR TANKS!
NO, DON'T SHOOT HIM! FIRST HE MUST LEARN DOT I, SCHLUTTER, AM SUPERIOR TO HIM!
WELL.. HAVEN'T I MET YOU BEFORE?
WANT TO DO A LITTLE IN-FIGHTING, EH? NOTHING SUITS ME BETTER!
I VILL SHOW YOU HOW NORDIC BLOOD TRIUMPHS!
WHIFF
TUT, TUT! YOU MISSED!
..BUT I DIDN'T!
10

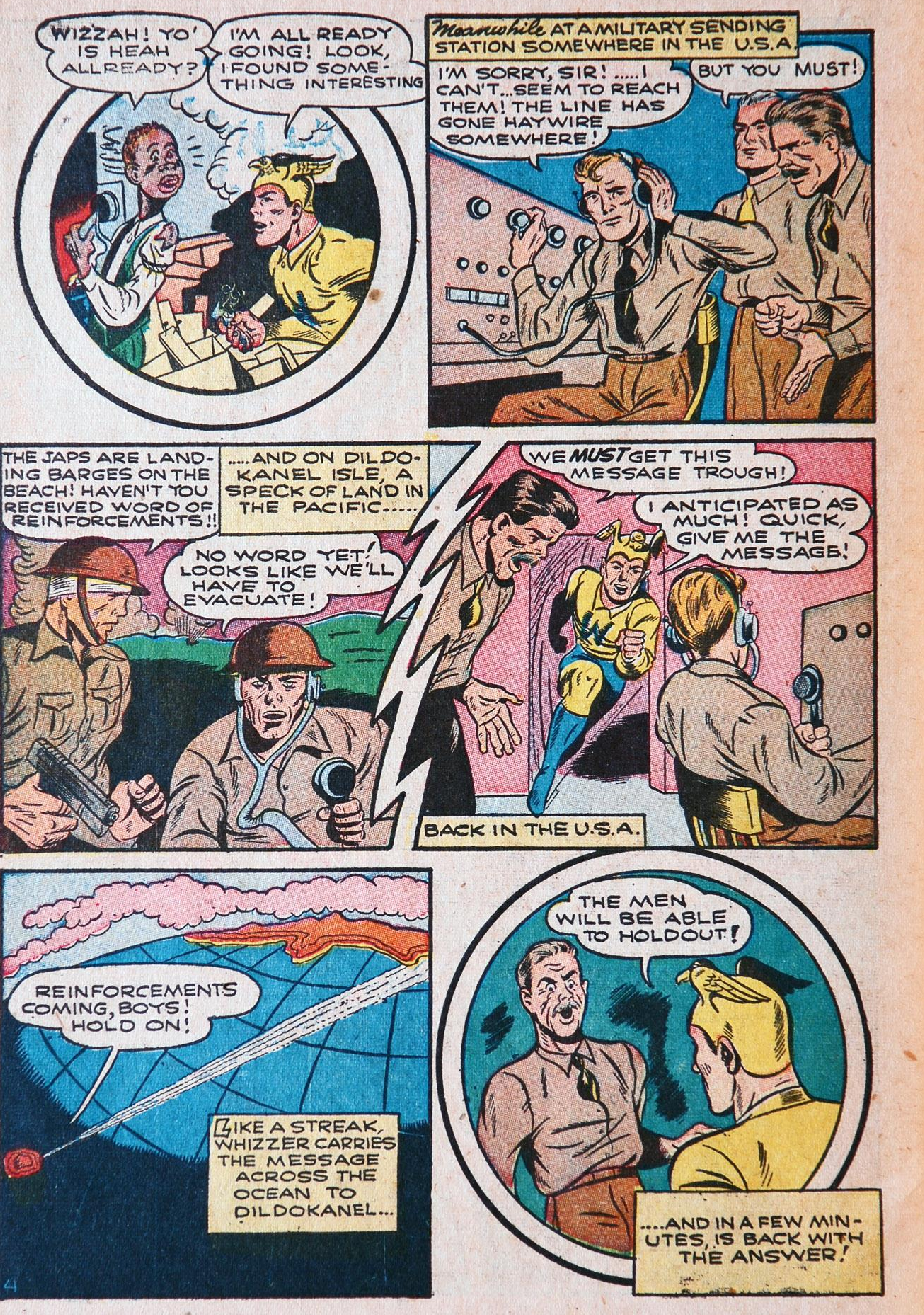

I THINK I HAVE A MORE PRACTICAL PLAN!
FIRST I'LL TIE THIS BUZZARD UP!
NOW..INTO THE TANK YOU GO! AND FROM HERE ON WE SMASH UP THE OTHER TANKS WITH THIS ONE!
DER CORDS ARE COMING LOOSE!
DIS TIME I FINISH YOU, DESTROYER!
DON'T TELL ME I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO TIE KNOTS!
AS THE DESTROYER AND THE NAZI LOCK IN A DEATH STRUGGLE, THE TANK, CAREENS CRAZILY DOWN THE SIDE OF A HILL!
DONNERVETTER! ONE OF DER TANKS IS RUNNING AWAY! VE MUST CATCH IT!
A MASS OF TANKS PURSUE THE RUNAWAY IN A MAD CHASE . .


INSIDE THE DESTROYER'S TANK..
THIS TIME I THINK YOU'LL STAY PUT!
FASTER .. FASTER.. THE TANKS ROLL DOWNWARD
CRUNCH
CRACK
...TOWARD THE CABIN FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES.
THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!
THE FIRST TANK CRASHES INTO THE CABIN.. AND DEATH. . .
THE OTHERS FOLLOW TO THE SAME FATE..
BOOM
AFTER THE LOSSES THEY'VE JUST SUFFERED, IT'S A SAFE BET THAT ANY INVASION OF SWITZERLAND WILL BE INDEFINITELY POSTPONED!
THE END

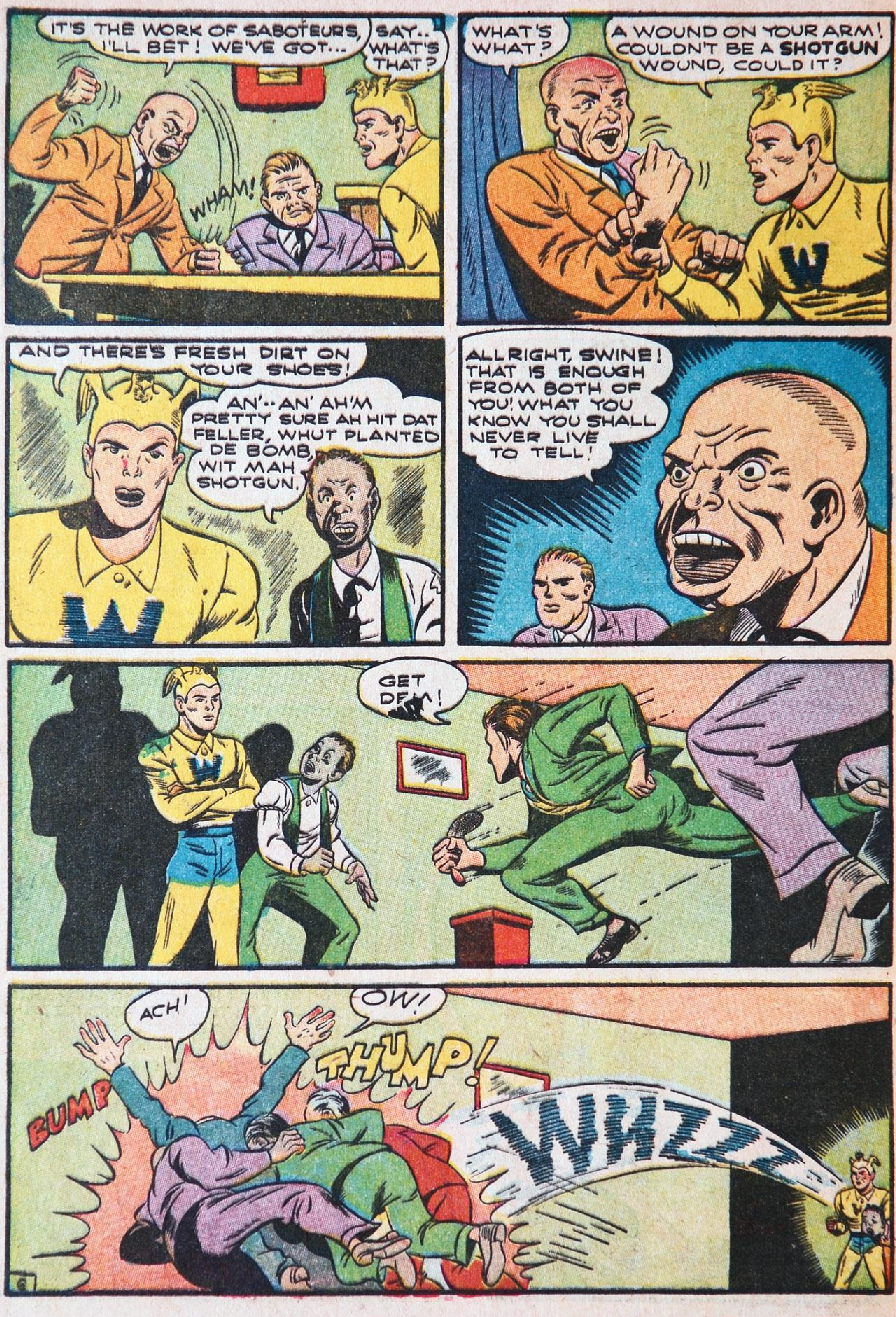
THE WHIZZER
TO DAY.... INSIDIOUS ORGANIZATIONS ARE PLOTTING AND SCHEMING FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE. READ HOW THE WHIZZER, FASTER THAN GREASED LIGHTING, EXPOSES A NAZI PLOT TO DESTROY NEW YORK AND HOW WHIZZER BRINGS SWIFT JUSTICE TO THE BESTIAL PUPPETS OF HITLER
FERSTADT
1

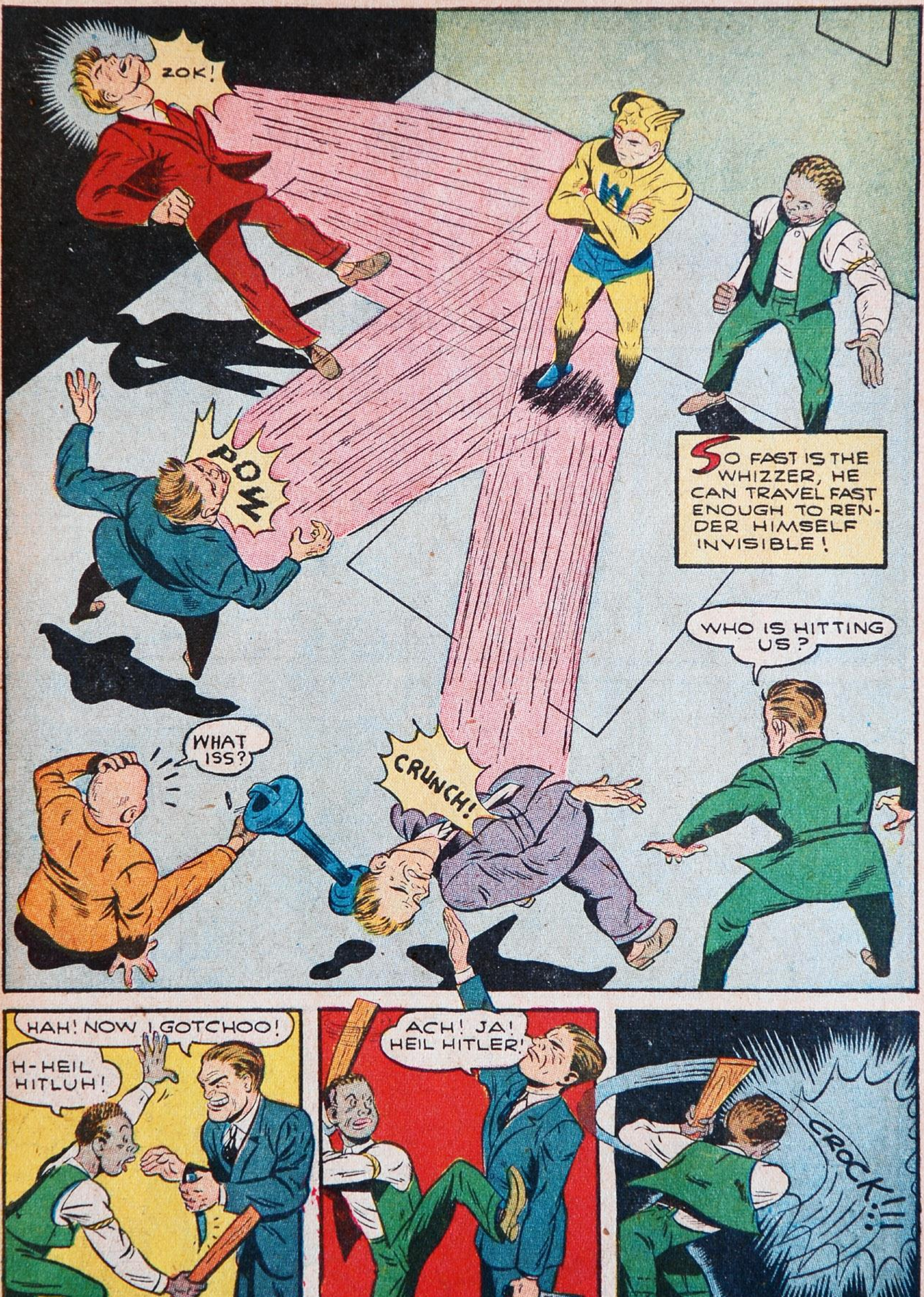

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE THOS RADIO RELAY STATION. THE TIME IS LATE AT NIGHT AND THE ONLY SOUL PRESENT IS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, "SLOW MOTION" JONES, FEARLESS RIGHT-HAND MAN OF THE WHIZZER!
THE FATHERLAND WILL BE VERY PLEASED WITH TO-NIGHT'S WORK! NOW TO SET THIS BOMB FOR THREE MINUTES
TIK! TOK
I SHALL PUT IT IN HERE.
CREAK!
W-WHO'S DERE!?
Meanwhile "SLOW MOTION" JONES HAS NOT BEEN NAPPING!
XXYZ !!??
STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!
AT THIS MOMENT, THE BOMB GOES OFF!
BAM!
KA-BLAM

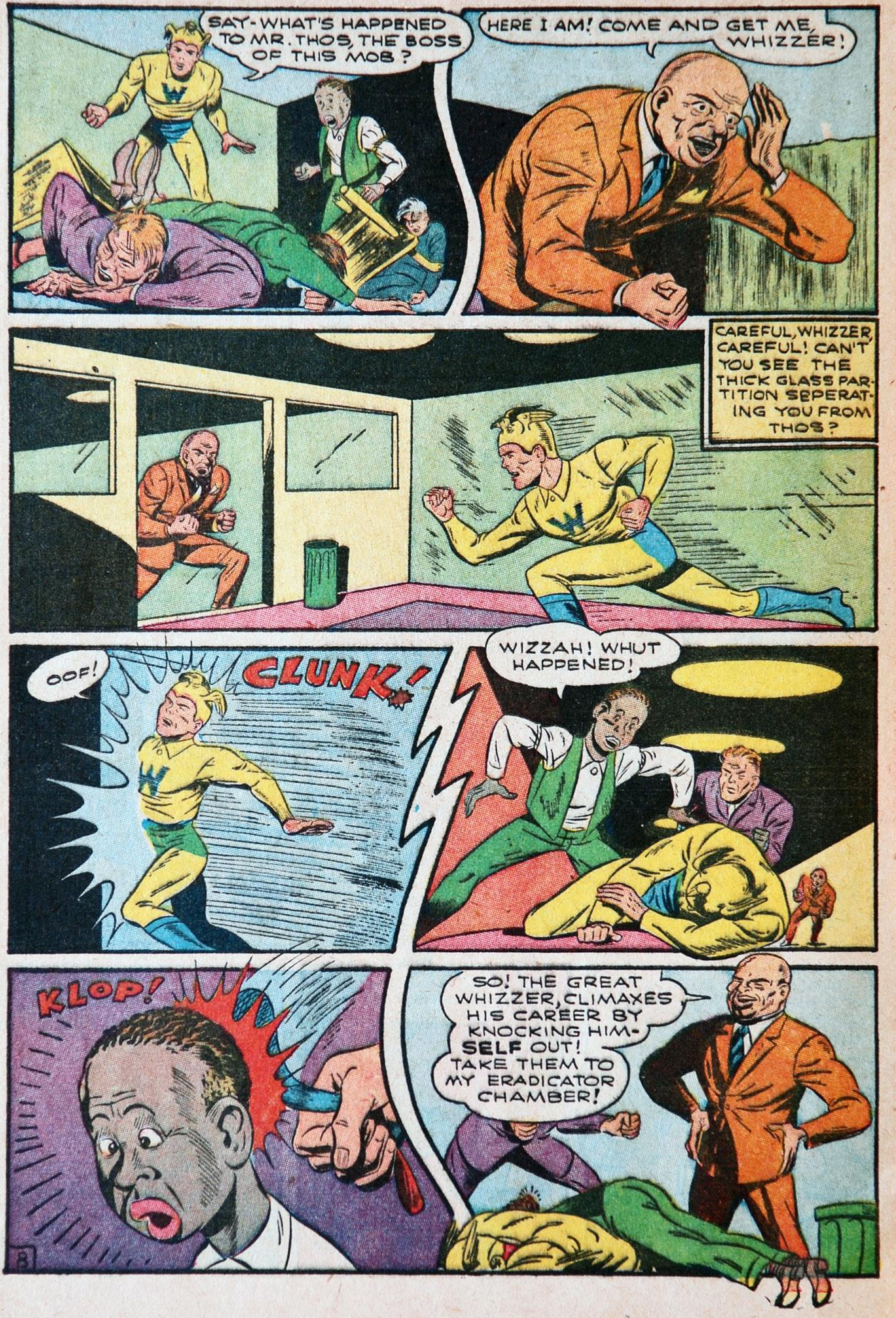
DID MAH GUN DO DAT!?
DIS H'YAR CALLS FO' ACTION! OH WHIZZAH!
SLOW MOTION'S HAVING TROUBLE AT HIS NEW JOB. I BETTER INVESTIGATE.
WHIZZAH! COME A RUNNIN'!
JACK ROBINSON, ALIAS THE WHIZZER, IS STROLLING ALONG WHEN HE GETS "SLOW MOTION'S" CALL....
SO FAST IS THE WHIZZER THAT HE IS BLOCKS AWAY FROM HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHES BEFORE THEY CAN DROP TO THE GROUND!
OH! WHIZZAH!
ZOOOMMM
AH REPEATS! WHIZZAH, COME QUICK!
WHAT HIT THIS PLACE?
3
C'MON, WIZZAH!
HMMM, WHAT'S THIS?
ZOOOOP
ZOOOOOP

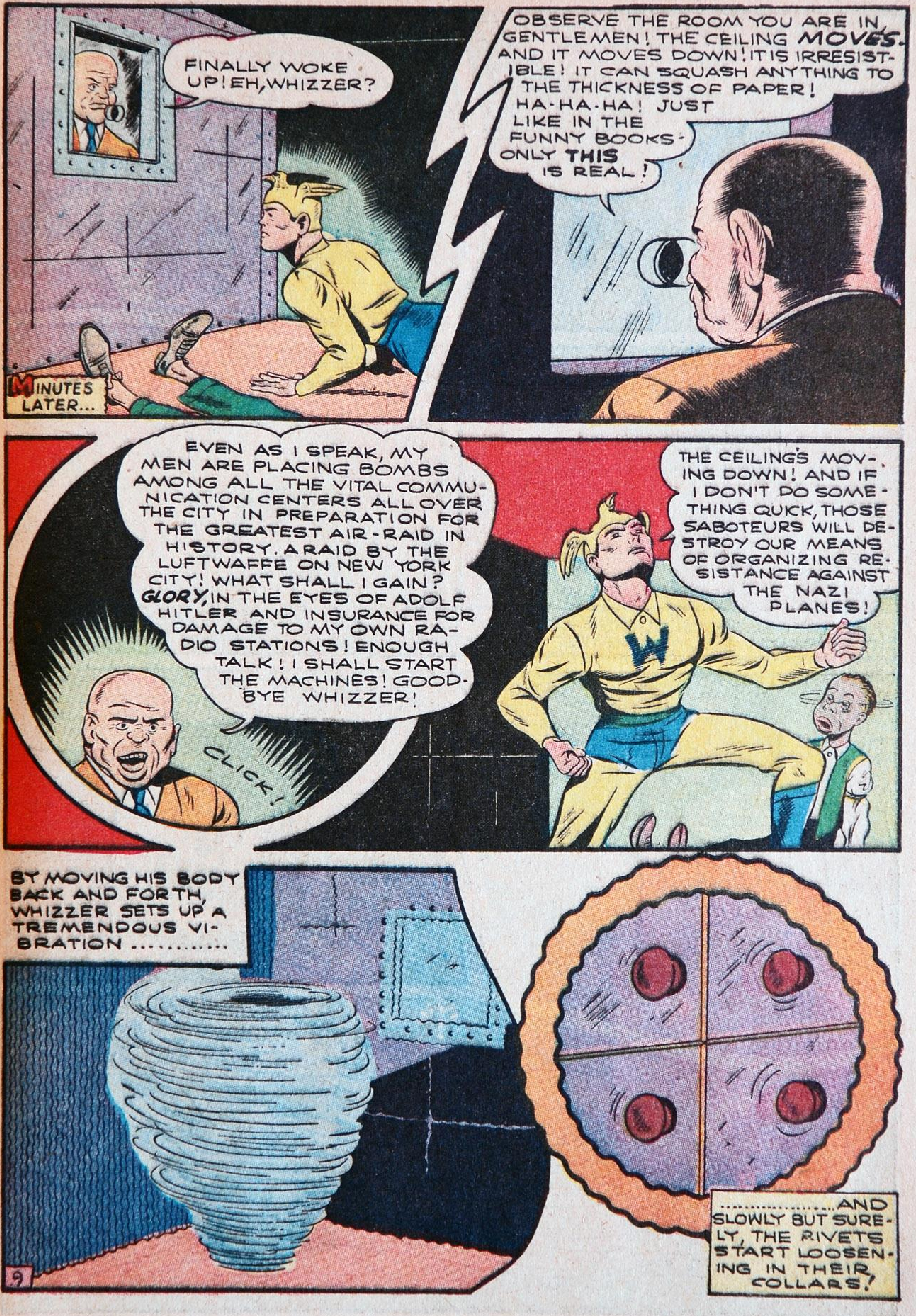

WIZZAH! YO' IS HEAH ALLREADY?
I'M ALL READY GOING! LOOK, I FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING
Meanwhile AT A MILITARY SENDING STATION SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S.A.
I'M SORRY, SIR! .....I CAN'T...SEEM TO REACH THEM! THE LINE HAS GONE HAYWIRE SOMEWHERE!
BUT YOU MUST!
.....AND ON DILDOKANEL ISLE, A SPECK OF LAND IN THE PACIFIC.....
THE JAPS ARE LANDING BARGES ON THE BEACH! HAVEN'T YOU RECEIVED WORD OF REINFORCEMENTS!!
NO WORD YET! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO EVACUATE!
WE MUST GET THIS MESSAGE TROUGH!
I ANTICIPATED AS MUCH! QUICK, GIVE ME THE MESSAGE!
BACK IN THE U.S.A.
REINFORCEMENTS COMING, BOYS! HOLD ON!
LIKE A STREAK, WHIZZER CARRIES THE MESSAGE ACROSS THE OCEAN TO DILDOKANEL...
THE MEN WILL BE ABLE TO HOLDOUT!
....AND IN A FEW MINUTES, IS BACK WITH THE ANSWER!

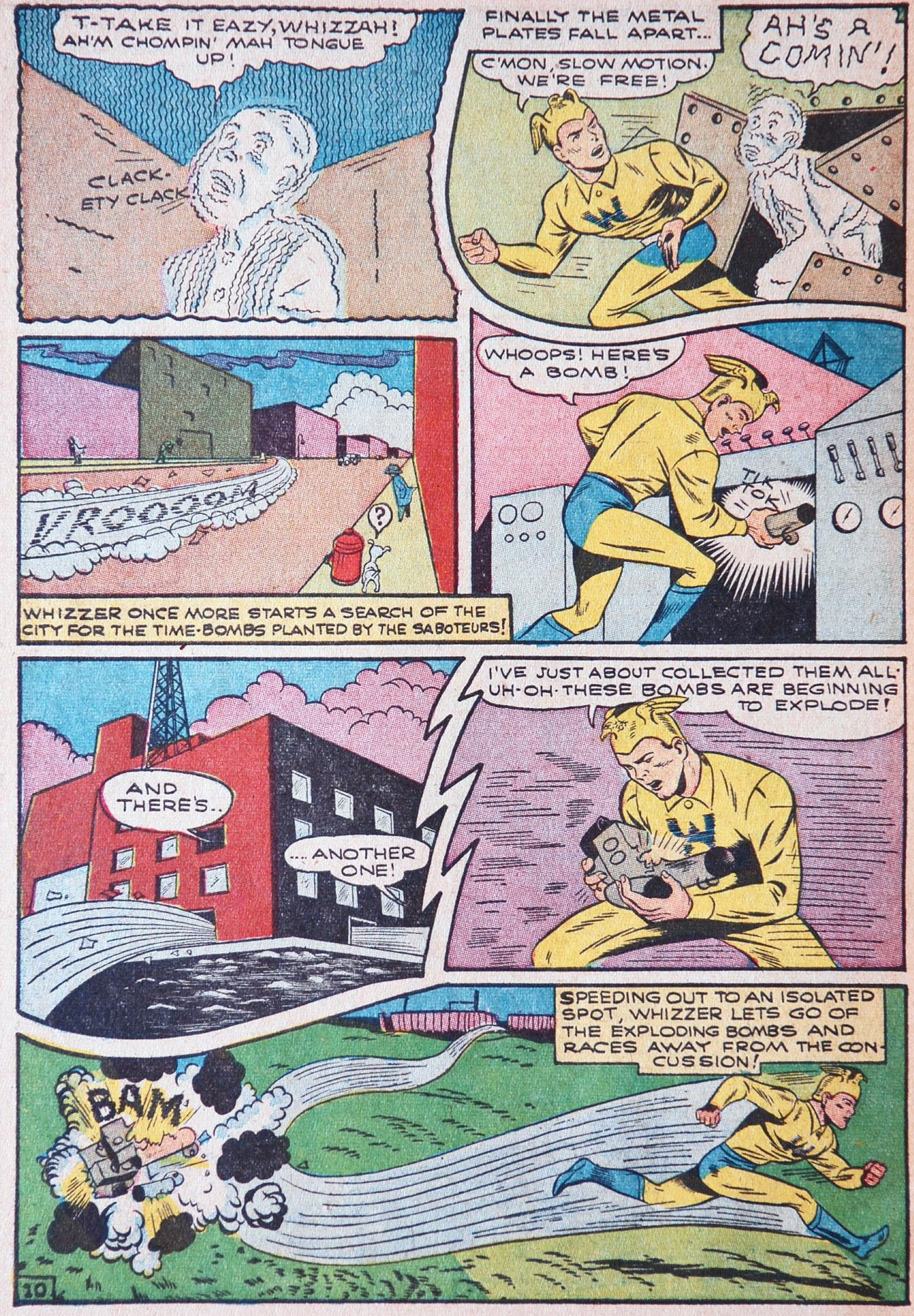
C'MON, SLOW MOTION! THE SABOTEUR CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!
N-N-MP! BLP! ULP!
OOPS
EEEK GET OUT!
...SORRY, LADY!
?
ON A ONE-MAN MAN-HUNT GOES THE WHIZZER ...OVER THE ENTIRE CITY!
DERE HE GOES, WIZZAH!
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE A DEAD END!
THOS RADIO C PRIVAT
USE OTHER EN
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?!!
MR. THOS? I IMAGINE YOU'D BE INTERESTED, THAT A RADIO RELAY STATION OF YOURS HAS JUST BEEN WRECKED!
WHAT!

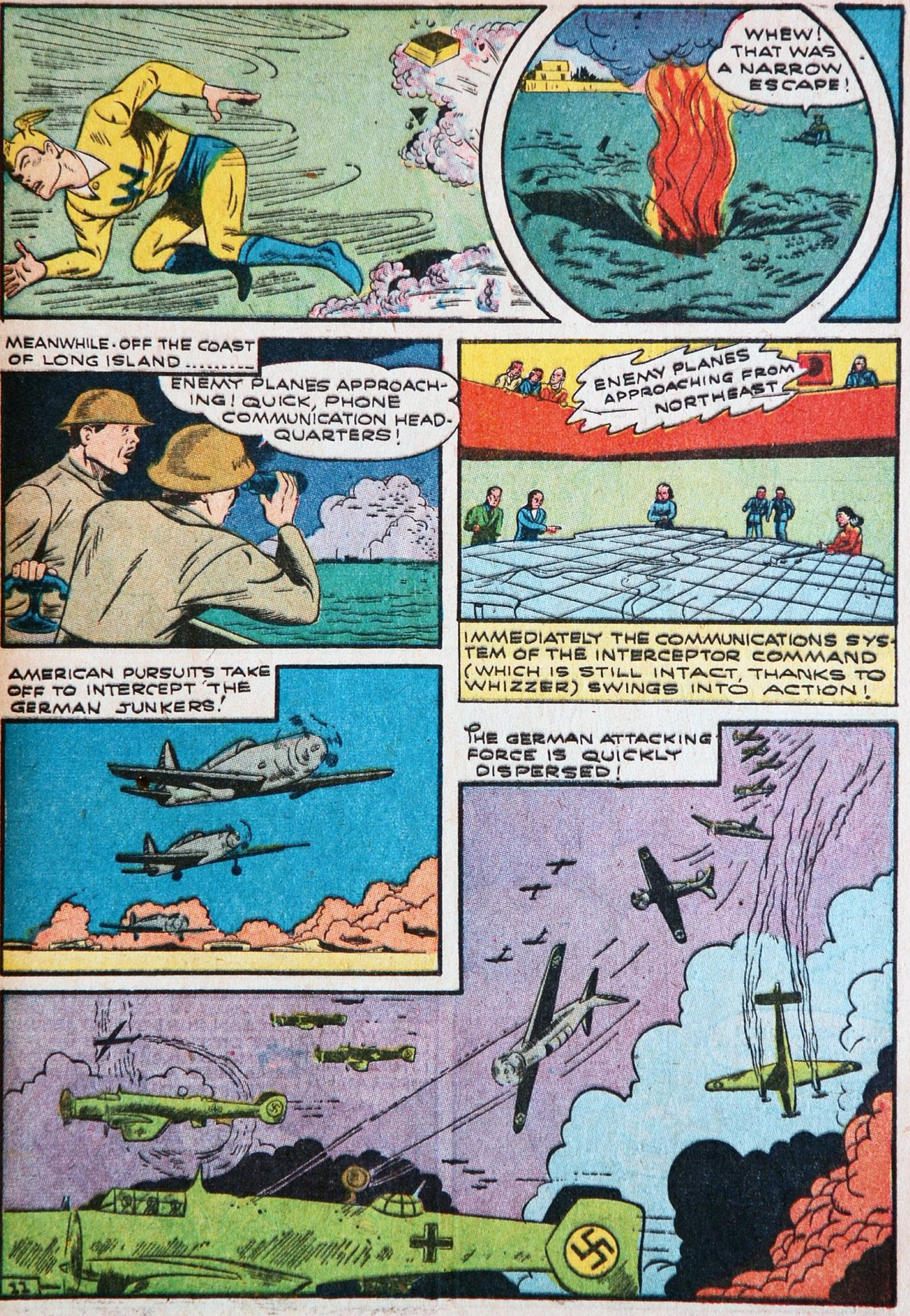

IT'S THE WORK OF SABOTEURS, I'LL BET! WE'VE GOT...
SAY.. WHAT'S THAT?
WHAM!
WHAT'S WHAT?
A WOUND ON YOUR ARM! COULDN'T BE A SHOTGUN WOUND, COULD IT?
W
AND THERE'S FRESH DIRT ON YOUR SHOES!
AN'.. AN' AH'M PRETTY SURE AH HIT DAT FELLER, WHUT PLANTED DE BOMB, WIT MAH SHOTGUN.
W
ALL RIGHT, SWINE! THAT IS ENOUGH FROM BOTH OF YOU! WHAT YOU KNOW YOU SHALL NEVER LIVE TO TELL!
GET DEM!
W
ACH!
OW!
THUMP!
BUMP
WHZZZ
6


ZOK!
SO FAST IS THE WHIZZER, HE CAN TRAVEL FAST ENOUGH TO RENDER HIMSELF INVISIBLE!
POW
W
WHO IS HITTING US?
WHAT ISS?
CRUNCH!
HAH! NOW I GOTCHOO!
H-HEIL HITLUH!
ACH! JA! HEIL HITLER!
CROCK!!!

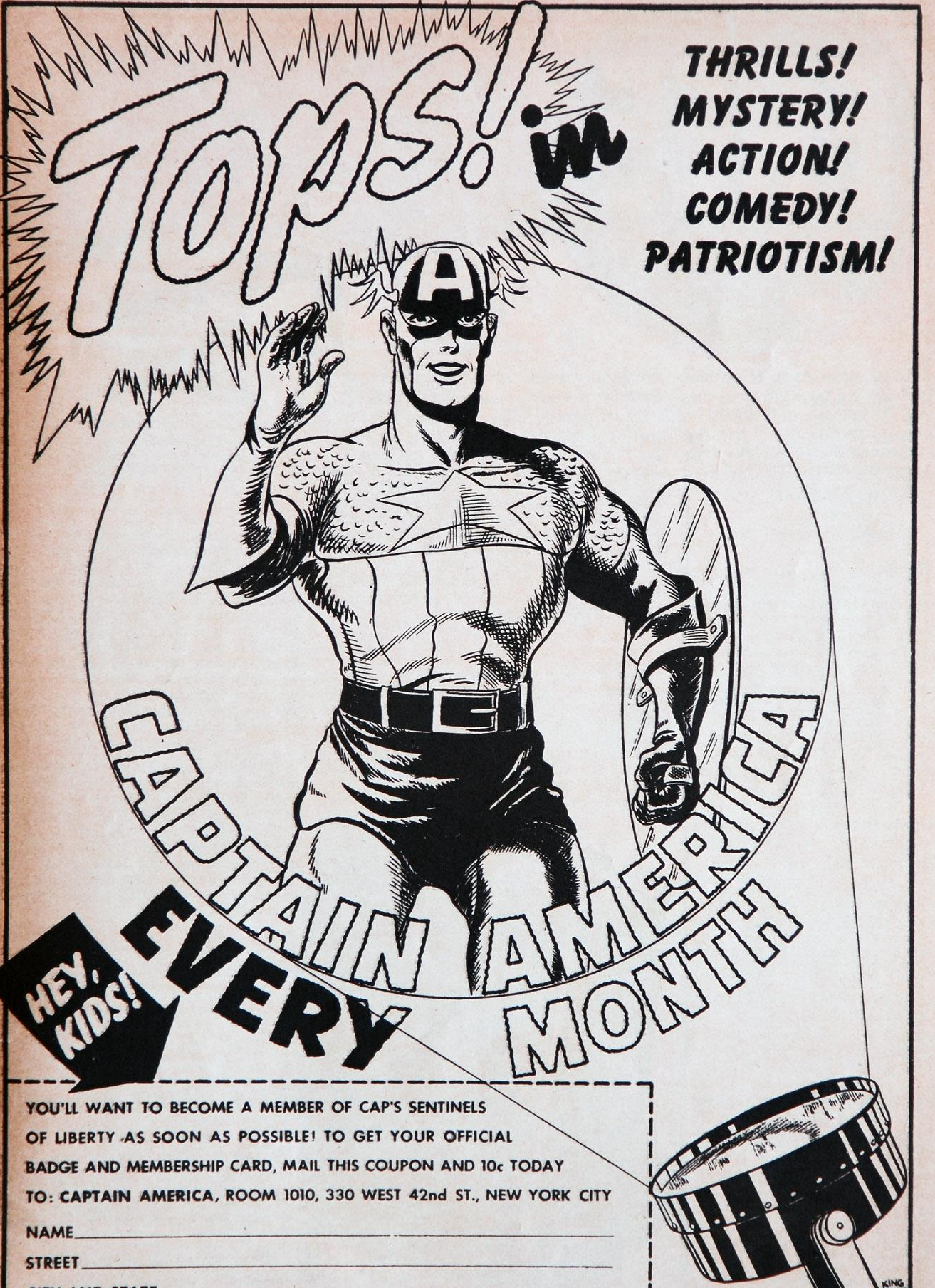

SAY- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MR. THOS, THE BOSS OF THIS MOB?
HERE I AM! COME AND GET ME, WHIZZER!
CAREFUL, WHIZZER, CAREFUL! CAN'T YOU SEE THE THICK GLASS PARTITION SEPERATING YOU FROM THOS?
OOF!
CLUNK!
WIZZAH! WHUT HAPPENED!
KLOP!
SO! THE GREAT WHIZZER, CLIMAXES HIS CAREER BY KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT! TAKE THEM TO MY ERADICATOR CHAMBER!
8


MINUTES LATER...
FINALLY WOKE UP! EH, WHIZZER?
OBSERVE THE ROOM YOU ARE IN GENTLEMEN! THE CEILING MOVES-AND IT MOVES DOWN! IT IS IRRESISTIBLE! IT CAN SQUASH ANYTHING TO THE THICKNESS OF PAPER! HA-HA-HA! JUST LIKE IN THE FUNNY BOOKS-ONLY THIS IS REAL!
EVEN AS I SPEAK, MY MEN ARE PLACING BOMBS AMONG ALL THE VITAL COMMUNICATION CENTERS ALL OVER THE CITY IN PREPARATION FOR THE GREATEST AIR-RAID IN HISTORY. A RAID BY THE LUFTWAFFE ON NEW YORK CITY! WHAT SHALL I GAIN? GLORY, IN THE EYES OF ADOLF HITLER AND INSURANCE FOR DAMAGE TO MY OWN RADIO STATIONS! ENOUGH TALK! I SHALL START THE MACHINES! GOODBYE WHIZZER!
CLICK!
THE CEILING'S MOVING DOWN! AND IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING QUICK, THOSE SABOTEURS WILL DESTROY OUR MEANS OF ORGANIZING RESISTANCE AGAINST THE NAZI PLANES!
W
BY MOVING HIS BODY BACK AND FORTH, WHIZZER SETS UP A TREMENDOUS VIBRATION ....
.............AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE RIVETS START LOOSENING IN THEIR COLLARS!
9


T-TAKE IT EAZY, WHIZZAH! AH'M CHOMPIN' MAH TONGUE UP!
CLACK-ETY CLACK
FINALLY THE METAL PLATES FALL APART...
AH'S A COMIN'!
C'MON, SLOW MOTION. WE'RE FREE!
VROOOOM
?
WHIZZER ONCE MORE STARTS A SEARCH OF THE CITY FOR THE TIME-BOMBS PLANTED BY THE SABOTEURS!
WHOOPS! HERE'S A BOMB!
TIK TOK!
AND THERE'S..
...ANOTHER ONE!
I'VE JUST ABOUT COLLECTED THEM ALL· UH-OH· THESE BOMBS ARE BEGINNING TO EXPLODE!
SPEEDING OUT TO AN ISOLATED SPOT, WHIZZER LETS GO OF THE EXPLODING BOMBS AND RACES AWAY FROM THE CONCUSSION!
BAM


WHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!
MEANWHILE·OFF THE COAST OF LONG ISLAND..........
ENEMY PLANES APPROACHING! QUICK, PHONE COMMUNICATION HEADQUARTERS!
ENEMY PLANES APPROACHING FROM NORTHEAST
IMMEDIATELY THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM OF THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND (WHICH IS STILL INTACT, THANKS TO WHIZZER) SWINGS INTO ACTION!
AMERICAN PURSUITS TAKE OFF TO INTERCEPT THE GERMAN JUNKERS!
THE GERMAN ATTACKING FORCE IS QUICKLY DISPERSED!

BACK IN NEW YORK..
VAS IST LOS?
VERDAMMT WHIZZER! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH OUR PLANS!
ACH! VOT'S DOT STREAK OF SHMUTZ COMINK TOVARTS US!?
IT'S VIZZER!
FELLOW NAZIS! IT IS BETTER FOR US TO DIE THEN TO LIVE IN SHAME IN THE EYES OF THE NEW ORDER. FOLLOW ME, OVER THE EDGE TO GLORIOUS DEATH! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL--
WHAT'S..
...HITLER!
... THE RUSH FELLOWS?
FASTER THEN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, WHIZZER CATCHES THE NAZIS BEFORE THEY STRIKE THE GROUND!
LATER
WHEW! I'M A LITTLE TIRED! I THINK I'LL RELAX!
HE SWIMS TWICET OVAH DE OCEAN, RUNS TWICET AROUND DE CITY AN' BEATS UP A GANG OF NAZIS AN' DEN SAYS HE'S A LITTLE TIRED! OWAH!
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF WHIZZER IN NEXT MONTH ISSUE...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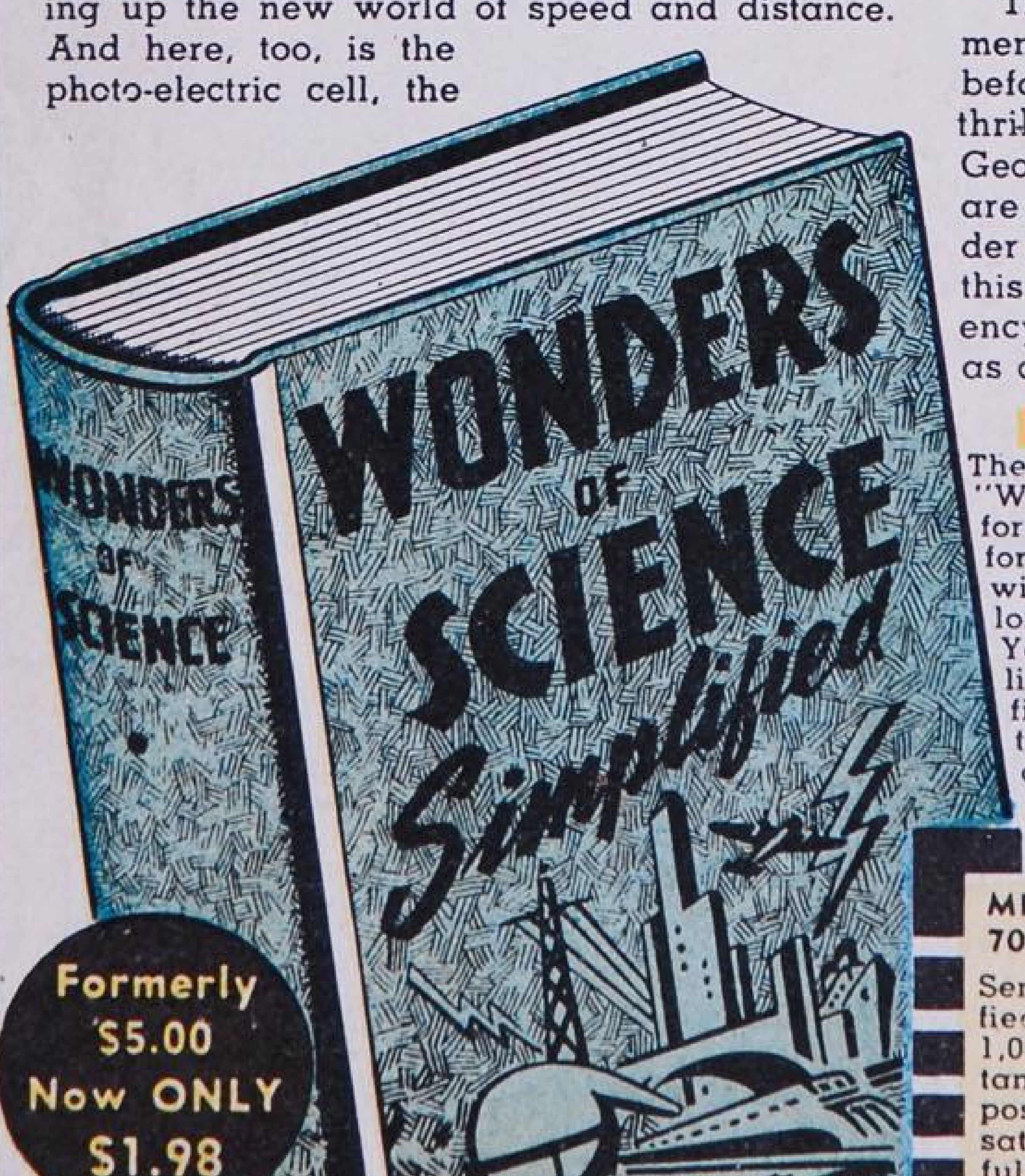

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